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Pre-Story

May the curtains of Grand Guignol rise.
Slaughter, butcher, massacre till no more is left.
Violate, conquer, and consecrate.
Let there be victory.
Let there be conquest.

1945, May 1 - Germany.
On the eve of Berlin's collapse, a group of men and women carried out a certain ritual.

To them, suffering defeat in the war meant precious little. If anything, the countless lives lost on the field of battle served as a catalyst to their sacrificial ceremony.
Whether or not their attempt bore fruit - not a soul knows.
Following the war, they faded from sight, mind, and eventually into the realm of myth.

They were the Longinus Dreizehn Orden - superhumans birthed by the very darkness of their era.
One day, they will return.
And once they do, the world shall fall into ruin.
As such, their second coming must be prevented at all costs.
And so, six long decades came and went.
Most who had known of their existence passed away, and the group was soon forgotten by the world.

However-

2006 - Japan.
Ren Fujii, a young man attending high school in Suwahara City, finds his friendship with his old buddy Shirou Yusa shatter to pieces following a certain incident, ending in a vicious fight that sees Ren hospitalized for two months.
The season shifts from autumn to winter - to the dawning weeks of December, with Christmas on the horizon.
Despite feeling as though he has lost half of himself, Ren leaves the hospital with the intention to rebuild his new life without Shirou.
What was once lost won't ever come back. So at the very least, I need to treasure what I have now, at this very moment...

But even that plan soon falls apart.
Night after night, the same dream of a guillotine.
A headhunting serial killer.
And the "knights" in black who follow soon after.
Irrationality that defies the realm of common sense begins to assault and devour the city.
Those abnormalities are abominations that seek to destroy everything Ren has built up with a level of violence far surpassing that fight from two months before.
Unless Ren decides to change, he will die.
And if he does, he won't be able to return to his old life.
In a world swiftly going mad, Ren alone crosses the boundary between the ordinary and the extraordinary.
His desires are hardly anything grand.
Nor does he wish to display his own sense of justice and morality to the world.
All he wants is to return to those days of old.
Back to those days of commonplace tedium. That life of simple, everyday joy.
Shirou's words echo in his chest, along with his grim resolve.
Everyone who lives in this city will go crazy sooner or later.
The battle with the Longinus Dreizehn Orden.
A continuation of that war full of madness, carnage, and maledictions.
What future awaits Ren at the end of his road...?

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Others *Other illustrations*

Dies irae, dies illa solvet saeclum in favilla, teste David cum Sybilla.
Quantus tremor est futurus, quando iudex est venturus, cuncta stricte discussurus!
Tuba mirum spargens sonum per sepulchra regionum, coget omnes ante thronum.
Mors stupebit et natura, cum resurget creatura, iudicanti responsura.
Liber scriptus proferetur, in quo totum continetur, unde mundus iudicetur.
Iudex ergo cum sedebit, quidquid latet apparebit, nil inultum remanebit.
Quid sum miser tunc dicturus? Quem patronum rogaturus, cum vix iustus sit securus?
Rex tremendae majestatis, qui salvandos salvas gratis, salva me, fons pietatis.
Recordare Jesu pie, quod sum causa tuae viae, ne me perdas illa die.
Quaerens me sedisti lassus, redemisti crucem passus, tantus labor non sit cassus.
Juste judex ultionis, donum fac remissionis ante diem rationis.
Ingemisco tamquam reus, culpa rubet vultus meus, supplicanti parce Deus.
Qui Mariam absolvisti, et latronem exaudisti, mihi quoque spem dedisti.
Preces meae non sunt dignae, sed tu, bonus, fac benigne, ne perenni cremer igne.
Inter oves locum praesta, et ab hoedis me sequestra, statuens in parte dextra.
Confutatis maledictis, flammis acribus addictis, voca me cum benedictis.
Oro supplex et acclinis, cor contritum quasi cinis, gere curam mei finis.
Lacrimosa dies illa, qua resurget ex favilla, judicandus homo reus.
Huic ergo parce Deus, pie Jesu Domine, dona eis requiem. Amen.
Sibylla
Tuba mirum
Mors stupebit
Liber scriptus
Judex ergo
Quid sum miser
Rex tremendae
Recordare
Quaerens
Juste judex
Ingemisco
Qui Mariam
Preces
Inter oves
Confutatis
Oro supplex
Lacrimosa
Huic ergo
Amen.
爾天神之命以布斗麻遍爾
SEELE
GEIST
KÖRPER

First appearance：Dies irae -Also sprach Zarathustra- Poster

First appearance：Dies irae Desktop Calendar Cover

Dies irae / Official Illustrated Guide

Package Illust Package Illustration

First appearance：Dies irae -Also sprach Zarathustra-

First appearance：Dies irae Also sprach Zarathustra -die Wiederkunft-

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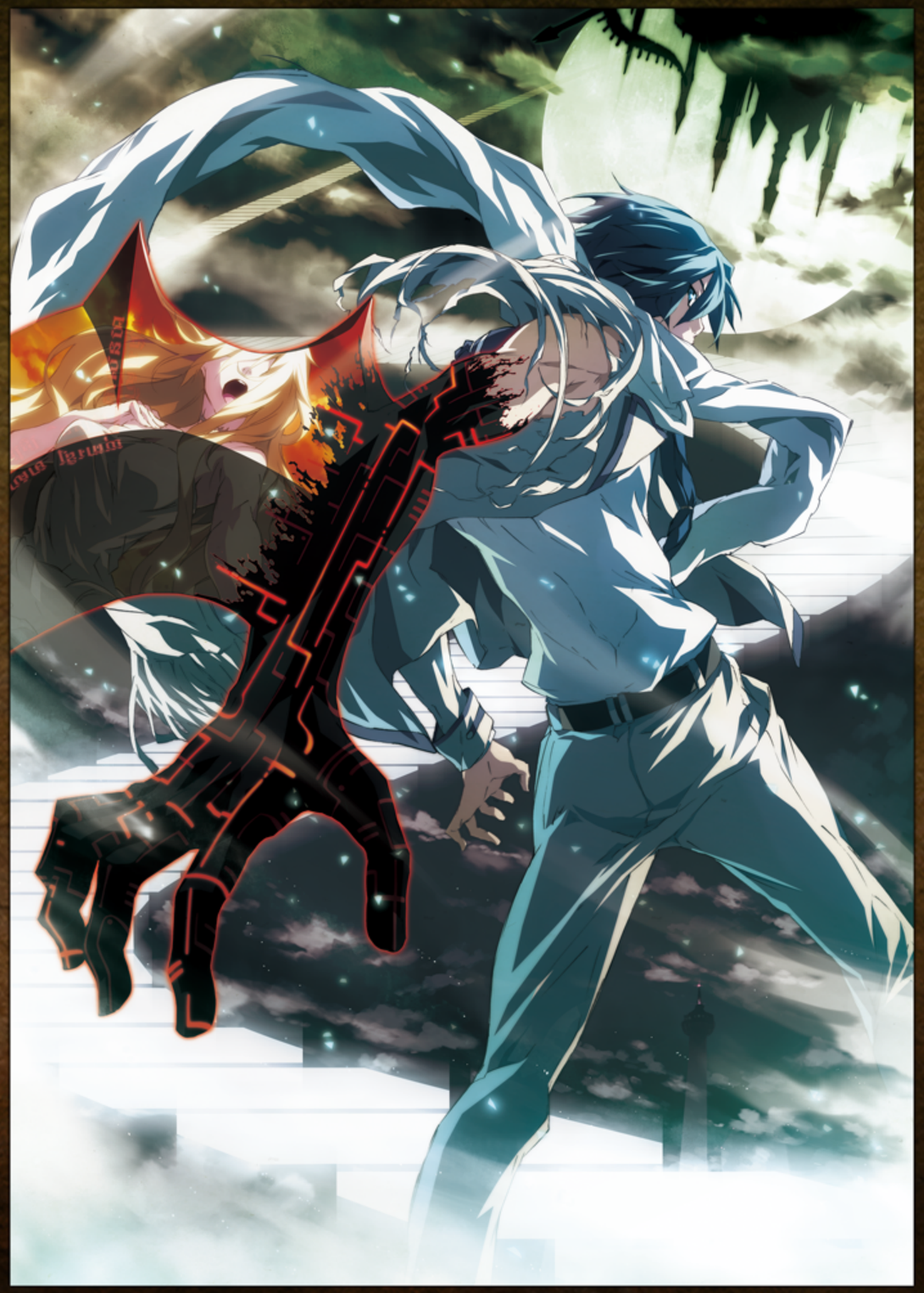
Package Illust Package Illustration

First appearance：Dies irae ～Acta est Fabula～



First appearance：Dies irae ～Amantes amentes～

Ren Fujii

Voice:Kousuke Toriumi

Height: 176 cm　Weight: 62 kg

Our protagonist — a lone wolf lacking in sociality.
He may appear rather mature for his age, but is fast to lose his cool when complimented over his effeminate features — a trait that became somewhat of a complex for him.
While normally agreeable with others, he draws a clear line between himself and the rest of his schoolmates, with the exception of a few close friends.

"If you could just get back whatever you've lost right away, wouldn't that make it worthless to begin with?"

Battle Parameter

ATK=Attack + bloodshed.　DEF=Defense + durability.　MAG=Magic + effective length of skill usage.
AGI=Agility + mobility.　EQP=Synchronization with Ahnenerbe + immutability of rules.

Costume Variation

Face Variation

"We all live in the real world. And while life gives us plenty to cherish, it offers its fair share of misfortune just the same; we march on, hungering after dreams we keep locked up in our hearts, forever unfulfilled."

The transience of the here and now, that fleeting moment I so adored — I would long to make its miracle eternal. A childish notion, true, but one I could not discard; rather, knowing it was a dream never to be fulfilled, my thirst for it refused to ever fade. And so we lived, ever discontent, haunted by doubts, frail on our feet...

"But isn't that exactly what makes us human?"

I was content to be such a man.

"Our lives are but petals in the wind; moments lost in the annals of time.
No matter how fiercely we struggle to make it ours, eternity will always elude us."

Marie

Voice:Yui Sakakibara

Height: 160 cm　Weight: 50 kg
B: 88 cm　W: 60 cm　H: 89 cm

A mysterious girl who appears in Ren's dreams.
She is clearly not Japanese, but her background and true name are unknown.
For all we know, she might be just a figment of the young man's imagination.
A maiden of the twilight, she sings a loathed refrain with a pure, angelic smile.
Could that scar across her neck have been left by a guillotine?

"I shall hate and love you."

Battle Parameter

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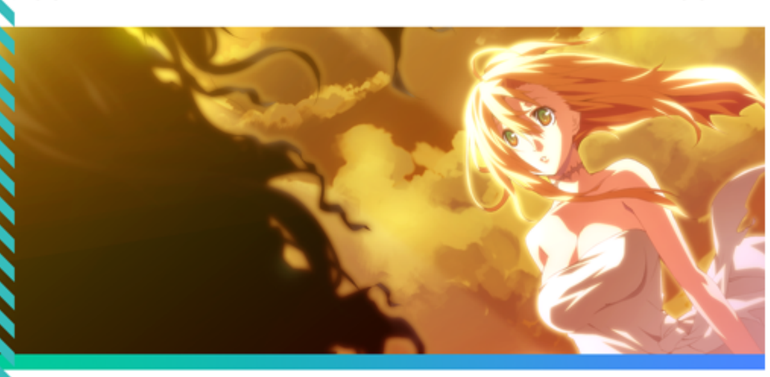
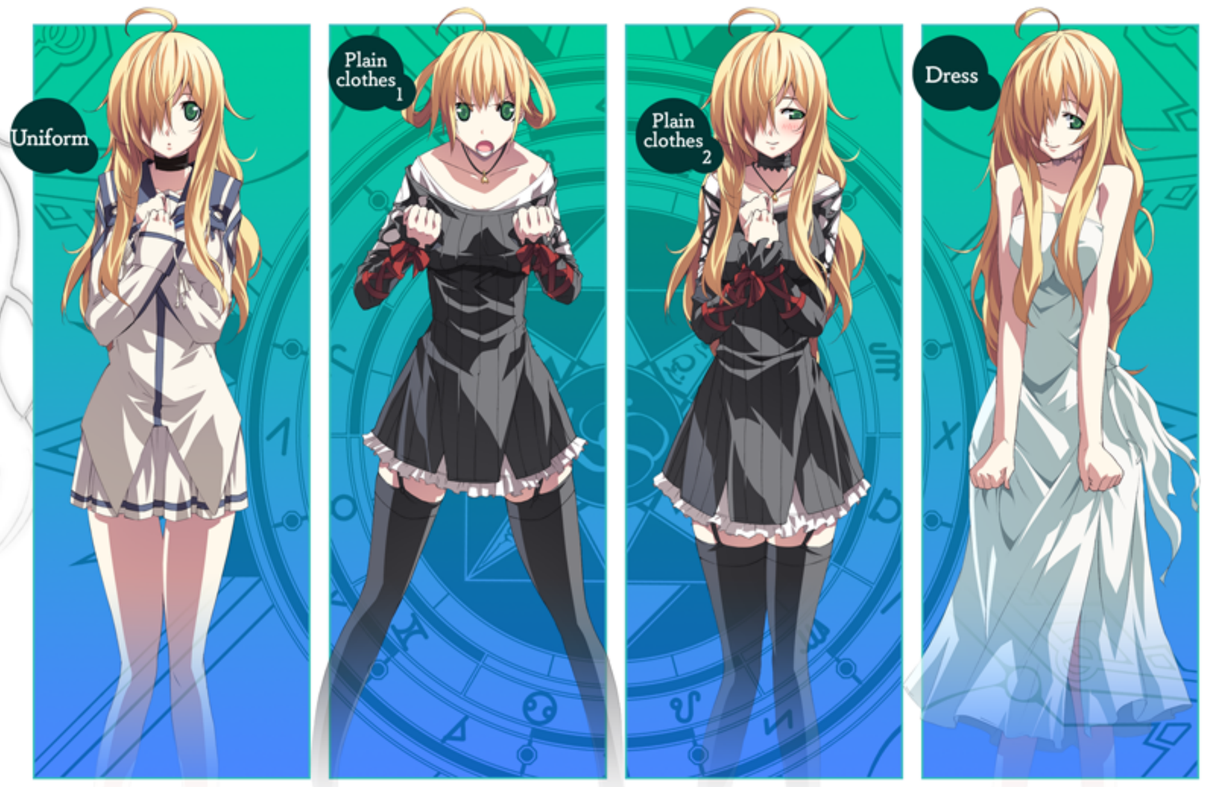


Costume Variation



Face Variation

We kissed each other with endless passion.
Even with her corporeal form gone, I believed to always be within Marie's embrace.

I begged for this moment to last long enough for me to feel her warmth for just a while longer...
...so I could make it eternal and remember it till the end of time.

Halt, O time, for you are beautiful beyond measure.
She was the only thing dominating my mind.
I thanked her with all the heart I could muster.
I would live on as I did until now...

...and savor the eternal embrace of her light.

Kasumi Ayase

Voice:Michiru Yuimoto

Height: 161 cm　Weight: 48 kg
B: 86 cm　W: 60 cm　H: 85 cm

The head of the Kendo Club. Unyielding and masculine, she and Ren share a rather masochistic relationship.
Unlike the infamous Ren, Kasumi is cheerful and sociable, her fame further amplified by her national-level fencing skills.
She has a generally rough personality, but when it comes to Ren, she's prone to worrying and being fussy.
She has a tendency to try and act the older sister from time to time, but she neither looks, nor feels the part.

"You always make that face when you're hiding something from me."

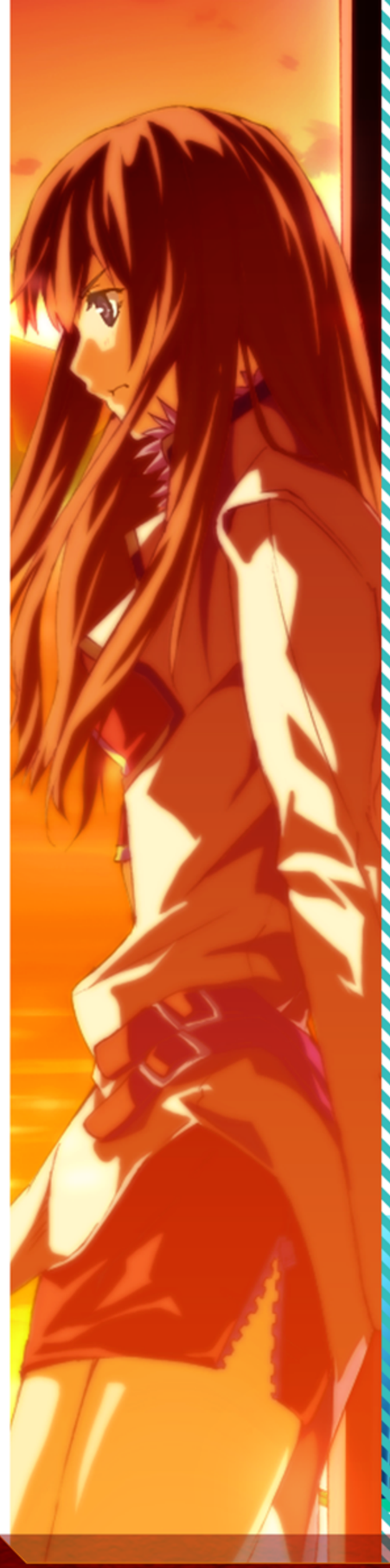
Costume Variation

Face Variation

Congratulations. Your affection is most exquisite. I wish the two of you well from the bottom of my heart.
O girl of unparalleled strength, if you wish to know what Hell is like to this extent,
I shall show it to you before long.
You cannot escape the castle after your death — that is what it means to be Sonnenkind.

You saved him with the souls of Shambhala.
You understand, do you not? That it is but another sin most grave.
As such, Hell awaits you with open arms.

Yes, as long as we are here, nothing shall change.
I hope one lifetime is enough to figure out our riddle.
Can you save your children and grandchildren with that love, I wonder?
Show us. Our curiosity knows no bounds.



Kei Sakurai

Number V of the Longinus Dreizehn Orden's
Obsidian Round Table, "Leonhart August"

Voice:Kei Mizusawa

Height: 168 cm　Weight: 50 kg
B: 83 cm　W: 57 cm　H: 82 cm

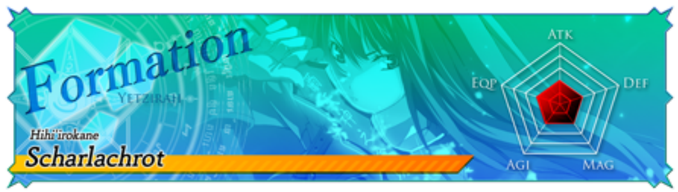
The descendant of a bloodline that allied with the Obsidian Round Table during World War II.
She joined the Table to fill the spot left by a member who died eleven years prior.
Furthermore, as her age — contrary to the other members — does actually match her appearance, she is too young to have met the five highest-ranking members of the Table.

Designation	:The lion's heart and sword	Zodiac	:Leo
Obsidian Round Table	:Number V	Form	:Materialization Type
Rune	:Strife	Degree	:Beri'ah
Major Arcana	:Strength	Ahnenerbe	:Hihi'irokane

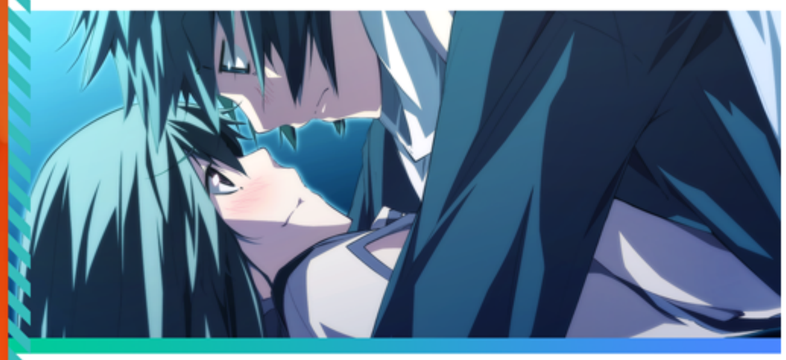
"I don't need the kind of miracle one could buy with tears."

Battle Parameter

ATK=Attack + bloodshed.　DEF=Defense + durability.　MAG=Magic + effective length of skill usage.
AGI=Agility + mobility.　EQP=Synchronization with Ahnenerbe + immutability of rules.



Creation Figment
Beriah
And so the words of the heavenly lord resoundeth: may their very bones be incinerated by my scorching flames
Man sollte nach den Gesetzen der Götter leben.
ATK
DEF
MAG
EQP



Costume Variation

Face Variation

Maybe I would find another Zarathustra in here.
After all, I was disqualified from that role after losing Marie.

Or would I re-establish my link with her when the time came? And how would that work?
Who would be the four others that didn't participate in the dawn of the new Obsidian Table, and where would they stand?

What could Mercurius' words have meant that day?

I was still completely in the dark.

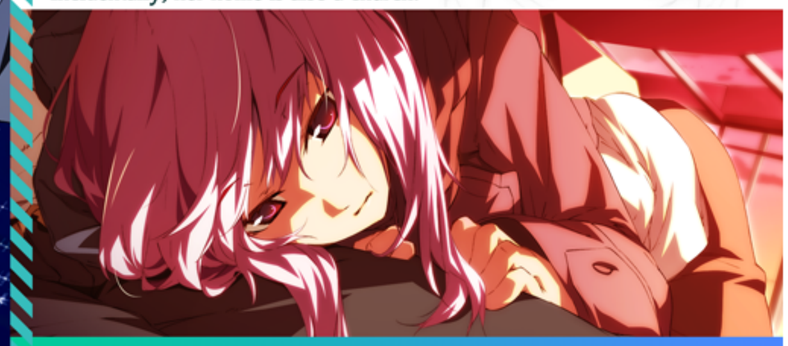
But there was one thing I knew.

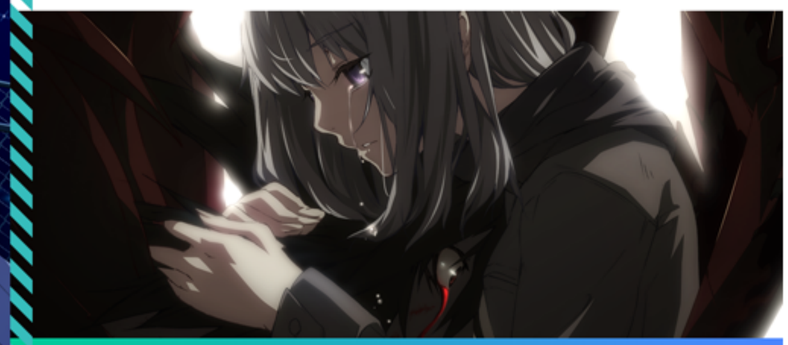
Rea Himuro

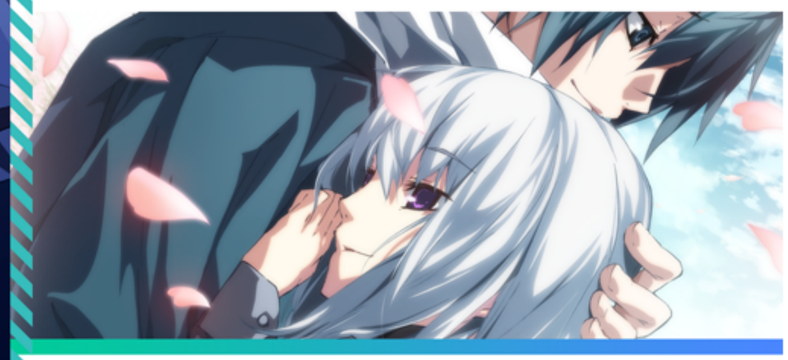
Voice:Hitomi Nabatame

Height: 155 cm　Weight: 44 kg
B: 82 cm　W: 56 cm　H: 81 cm

Ren's upperclassman. Just as popular as Kasumi.
But while Kasumi's popularity can be categorized as more or less conventional, Rea is idolized by those of more peculiar tastes, as — just like Ren — she normally tends to keep her distance from those around her.
She exudes an aura of aloofness, her well-ordered features of mixed German and Japanese blood rarely betraying emotion.
However, despite that initial impression, she is hardly the type to be cold to others.
An "eccentric weirdo" might be a more apt way to describe her, all things considered.
Incidentally, her home is also a church.







Costume Variation

Face Variation

I yearned to meet the man of my dreams.

Even if that was but a delusion to escape loneliness, he lived inside me.
And that was enough to make him real for me.

"Find my husband, Lisa."

I uttered those words like a prayer.

"Don't you think God can be more than a little cruel sometimes?
I'll make sure to throw Him a sucker punch for you next time I see Him."

Rusalka Schwägelin

Number VIII of the Longinus Dreizehn Orden's
Obsidian Round Table, "Malleus Maleficarum"

Voice:Yuka Inokuchi

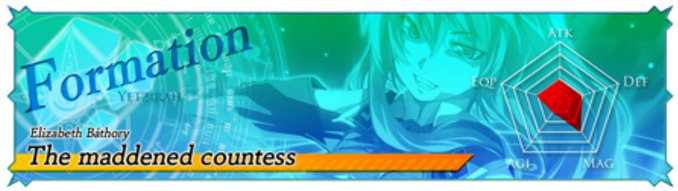
Height: 146 cm　Weight: 34 kg
B: 75 cm　W: 50 cm　H: 72 cm

An early member of the Deutsches Ahnenerbe — Nazi Germany's institute of archaeological and occult research — and a genuine witch who had stepped into the realm of sorcery even before joining the LDO.
Her youthful appearance shelters one of the most ancient souls to have sworn loyalty to the Obsidian Round Table.
Despite being cunning and crafty at her core, she is playful and flirtatious on the outside, making her a very dangerous individual to associate with.
She also has a fondness for torture and is known to be extremely moody.
Though essentially not a fighter, her cruelty rivals even Wilhelm's.

Designation	:Hammer of Witches	Zodiac	:Scorpio
Obsidian Round Table	:Number VIII	Form	:Deployment Type
Rune	:Binding	Degree	:Beri'ah
Major Arcana	:Death	Ahnenerbe	:The Blood Countess

Battle Parameter

ATK=Attack + bloodshed.　DEF=Defense + durability.　MAG=Magic + effective length of skill usage.
AGI=Agility + mobility.　EQP=Synchronization with Ahnenerbe + immutability of rules.



Costume Variation

Face Variation

"Well, then. Shall we go, Ms. Anna?"

I took his hand.

And with the courage everyone helped me nurture over the years...

"I love you, Lotus."

...I finally managed to voice the feelings I'd kept locked up in my chest these past seventy years, offering each word to his soul.

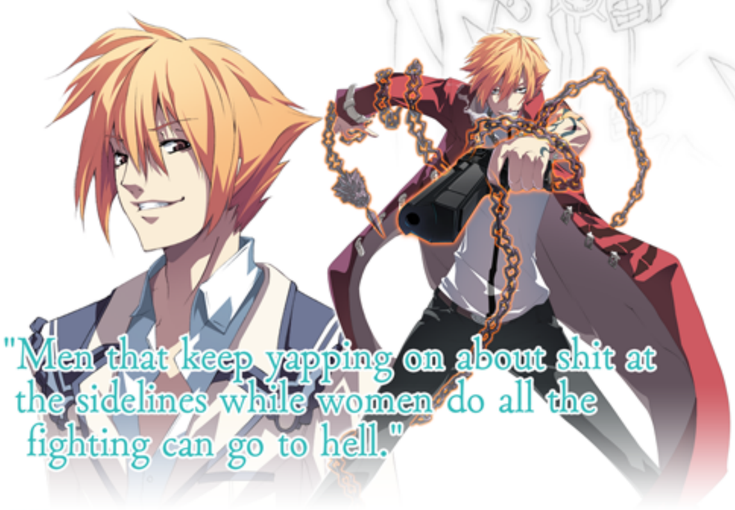
"Keep underestimating me and I just might gobble you up."

Shirou Yusa

Voice:Takeshi Maeda

Height: 177 cm　Weight: 65 kg

Ren's best friend since childhood.
He is a genius skilled in all sorts of fields, but as a result, he finds life boring.
As a constant thrill-seeker, he acts recklessly and even incited a brutal fight with Ren, ultimately breaking off their friendship.
As a result, he vanished from school and has not been heard from since.



"Men that keep yapping on about shit at the sidelines while women do all the fighting can go to hell."

Battle Parameter

ATK=Attack + bloodshed.　DEF=Defense + durability.　MAG=Magic + effective length of skill usage.
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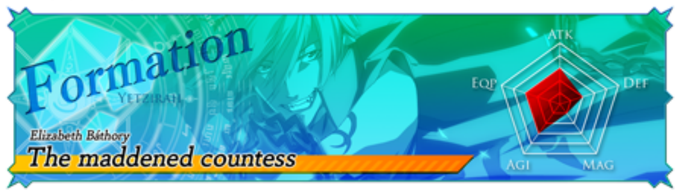


Face Variation

Eri Honjou

Voice:Yoshina Makino

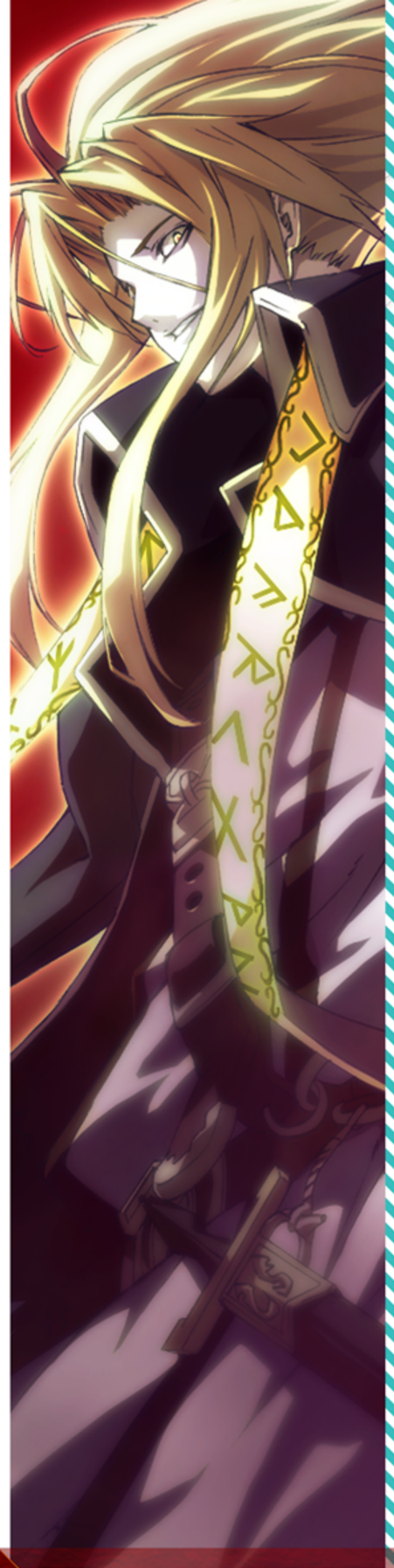
Height: 166 cm　Weight: 49 kg
B: 84 cm　W: 59 cm　H: 85 cm

She is quick on her feet, possesses a broad range of knowledge, and is brilliant both in brains and brawn. She resembles Shirou in that her self-destructive tendencies end up endangering those who keep her company.
Her sole joy lies in sharing in that transient excitement with Shirou. Although she realizes this kind of life might send her to an early grave, she does not appear to care in the slightest.

"Praying to a cross is about as messed up as praying to a guillotine or an electric chair."

Costume Variation

Face Variation



Reinhard Tristan Eugen Heydrich

Number I of the Longinus Dreizehn Orden's Obsidian Round Table, "Mephistopheles"

Voice:Junichi Suwabe

Height: ? cm　Weight: ? kg

The leader of the Longinus Dreizehn Orden.
Originally a high-ranking official in Germany, regarded as highly dangerous due to his seemingly boundless talent in all fields.
Later, he bowed out of the public eye through the guise of a staged assassination, and formed the Obsidian Round Table alongside Mercurius. Their subordinate members acted behind the scenes of WW2 and kept on destroying friend and foe alike.
His acts of destruction reached their climax during the fall of Berlin.
However, he and his three direct subordinates disappeared shortly afterwards, leaving their current whereabouts a mystery.

Designation	:The Harbinger of Beguiling Light	Zodiac	:Aries
Obsidian Round Table	:Number I	Form	:?
Rune	:Destruction	Degree	:?
Major Arcana	:Emperor	Ahnenerbe	:?

Battle Parameter

ATK=Attack + bloodshed.　DEF=Defense + durability.　MAG=Magic + effective length of skill usage.
AGI=Agility + mobility.　EQP=Synchronization with Ahnenerbe + immutability of rules.

Face Variation

Tubal Cain

Number II of the Longinus Dreizehn Orden's Obsidian Round Table, "Tubal Cain"

Voice:Hiroki Yasumoto

Height: 210 cm　Weight: 125 kg

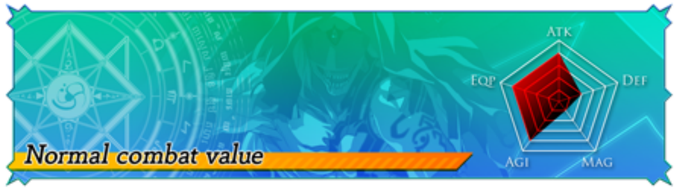
A moving corpse. A thoughtless killing machine.
Despite being touted as the strongest of the LDO's eight sub-members, Tubal Cain is no more than a puppet unable to function on his own.
Having been devoured by his Ahnenerbe, not a shred of anything that could be labeled a soul remains within his hollow husk of a body.
He is a monster that will keep on moving until every last trace of his corpus is destroyed.

Designation	:He who devours Death	Zodiac	:Taurus
Obsidian Round Table	:Number II	Form	:Materialization Type
Rune	:Power	Degree	:Beriah
Major Arcana	:Hierophant	Ahnenerbe	:Ahnenerbe

" ... "

Battle Parameter

ATK=Attack + bloodshed.　DEF=Defense + durability.　MAG=Magic + effective length of skill usage.
AGI=Agility + mobility.　EQP=Synchronization with Ahnenerbe + immutability of rules.



Others

1st Tubal Cain

Musashi Sakurai

Born April 30, 1901.
Rei's grandfather, as well as Kei and Kai's great-great grandfather.

2nd Tubal Cain

Rei Sakurai

Born May 6, 1952.
Musashi's granddaughter, as well as Kei's aunt.
The second generation Tubal Cain.

Valeria Trifa

Number III of the Longinus Dreizehn Orden's Obsidian Round Table, "Kristoff Lohengrin"

Voice:Ken Narita

Height: 192 cm Weight: 77 kg

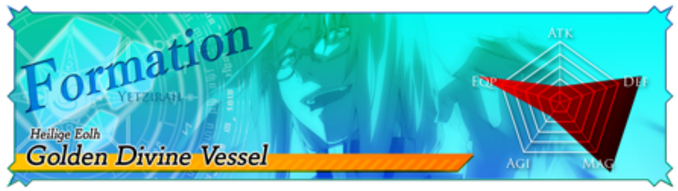
In the absence of the LDO's top members, this holy man acts as its temporary leader, as well as the one to govern the ritual serving their ultimate goal.
As a priest in command of their crusade, Trifa is an apostle not of charity, but of fanaticism.
Behind his gentle smile, he formulates cruel and callous plans as he both leads and incites his subordinates to action.

Designation	:He who bears God	Zodiac	:Gemini
Obsidian Round Table	:Number III	Form	:Manifest Type
Rune	:Protection	Degree	:Beri'ah
Major Arcana	:Lovers	Ahnenerbe	:?

"Thou art bound not by evil, shackled not by sin — thou art free from chains, above taboo."

BATTLE PARAMETER

ATK=Attack + bloodshed. DEF=Defense + durability. MAG=Magic + effective length of skill usage.
AGI=Agility + mobility. EQP=Synchronization with Ahnenerbe + immutability of rules.



FACE VARIATION

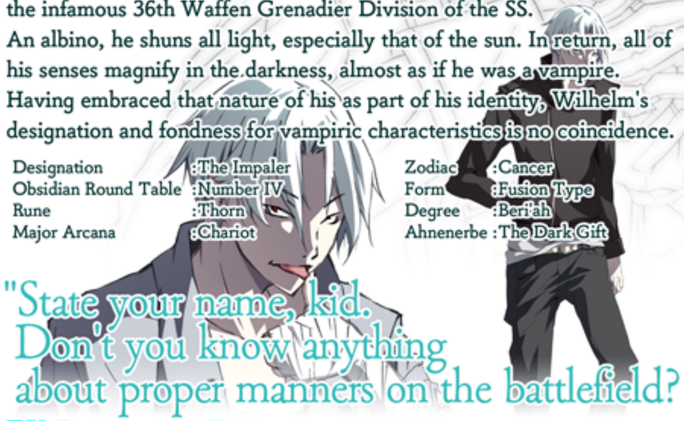
Wilhelm Ehrenburg

Number IV of the Longinus Dreizehn Orden's Obsidian Round Table, "Kaziklu Bey"

Voice:Kisho Taniyama

Height: 182 cm Weight: 73 kg

A man with a long criminal record who served as a First Lieutenant for the infamous 36th Waffen Grenadier Division of the SS.
An albino, he shuns all light, especially that of the sun. In return, all of his senses magnify in the darkness, almost as if he was a vampire.
Having embraced that nature of his as part of his identity, Wilhelm's designation and fondness for vampiric characteristics is no coincidence.



Designation	:The Impaler	Zodiac	:Cancer
Obsidian Round Table	:Number IV	Form	:Fusion Type
Rune	:Thorn	Degree	:Beri'ah
Major Arcana	:Chariot	Ahnenerbe	:The Dark Gift

"State your name, kid.
Don't you know anything about proper manners on the battlefield?"

BATTLE PARAMETER

ATK=Attack + bloodshed. DEF=Defense + durability. MAG=Magic + effective length of skill usage.
AGI=Agility + mobility. EQP=Synchronization with Ahnenerbe + immutability of rules.

FACE VARIATION

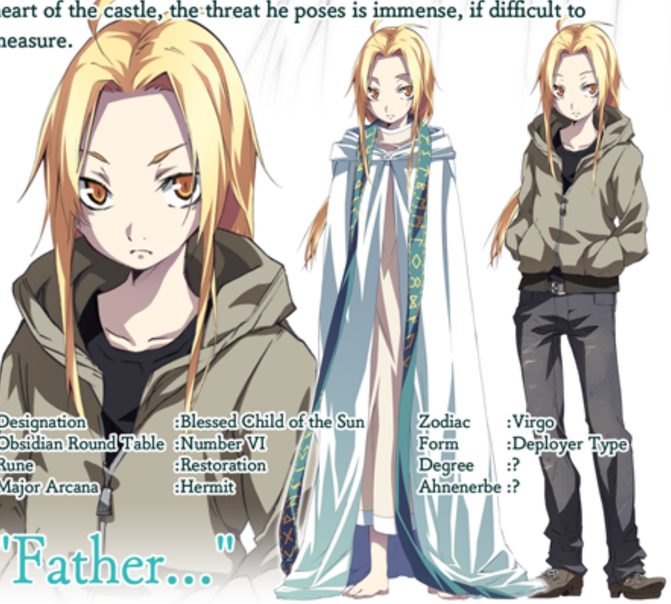
Isaak

Number VI of the Longinus Dreizehn Orden's Obsidian Round Table, "Sonnenkind"

Voice:Hitomi Nabatame

Height: 141 cm Weight: 30 kg

The first Sonnenkind. In exchange for the sacrifices at Berlin in 1945, he conducts the law that keeps Reinhard's Ber'iah, known as the "castle", perpetually active.
He passed away some twenty years later, but his soul became a human pillar that constitutes the very heart of the castle.
Reinhard cannot be defeated as long as he exists, and he will never be freed as long as Reinhard lives.
He is Lisa's son, but his father is unknown.
He doesn't possess the malice or strength to hurt others, but as the heart of the castle, the threat he poses is immense, if difficult to measure.



Designation :Blessed Child of the Sun
Obsidian Round Table :Number VI
Rune :Restoration
Major Arcana :Hermit

Zodiac :Virgo
Form :Deployer Type
Degree :?
Ahnenerbe :?

"Father..."

Battle Parameter

ATK=Attack + bloodshed. DEF=Defense + durability. MAG=Magic + effective length of skill usage.
AGI=Agility + mobility. EQP=Synchronization with Ahnenerbe + immutability of rules.

Face Variation

Götz von Berlichingen

Number VII of the Longinus Dreizehn Orden's Obsidian Round Table, "Götz von Berlichingen"

Voice:Hiroki Yasumoto

Height: 186 cm Weight: ? kg

A former member of the Waffen-SS's First Division.
Many had claimed that he died, a statement that turned out to be quite close to the truth — as such, he remains but a cursed wraith who instills fear and awe in the hearts of his brethren.
His true name died along with him: he now wears the title "Berlichingen" as an alias.
Although those closest to the man address him as "Machina", that doesn't appear to be his real name, either.
He vanished after the fall of Berlin.

Designation :Iron Hand
Obsidian Round Table :Number VII
Rune :Flow
Major Arcana :Justice

Zodiac :Libra
Form :Manifest Type
Degree :?
Ahnenerbe :?

"Enough. Both of you. There is no meaning in shedding any more blood here."

Battle Parameter

ATK=Attack + bloodshed. DEF=Defense + durability. MAG=Magic + effective length of skill usage.
AGI=Agility + mobility. EQP=Synchronization with Ahnenerbe + immutability of rules.

Face Variation

Spinne

Number X of the Longinus Dreizehn Orden's
Obsidian Round Table, "Rote Spinne"

Voice:Kouki Harasawa

Height: 179 cm Weight: 60 kg

A mad scientist who conducted live human experimentation at various POW and extermination camps.
He fled along with many other soldiers after the war, and is the LDO member most in tune with everyday society.
As a result, he currently specializes in intelligence gathering, and isn't a part of any combat units like Kei or Wilhelm.
It would appear he prefers tormenting the weak to fighting on the front lines.

Designation	:Red Spider	Zodiac	:Capricorn
Obsidian Round Table	:Number X	Form	:Fusion Type
Rune	:Acquisition	Degree	:Yetzirah
Major Arcana	:Devil	Ahnenerbe	:?

"If I'm a murderer, then that makes us birds of a feather, yes?"

Battle Parameter

ATK=Attack + bloodshed. DEF=Defense + durability. MAG=Magic + effective length of skill usage.
AGI=Agility + mobility. EQP=Synchronization with Ahnenerbe + immutability of rules.

Face Variation

Eleonore von Wittenburg

Number IX of the Longinus Dreizehn Orden's
Obsidian Round Table, "Samiel Zentaur"

Voice:Asami Yaguchi

Height: 180 cm Weight: 65 kg
B: 87 cm W: 64 cm H: 85 cm

Battalion Commander of the Waffen-SS's Second Division.
Despite her pedigree as a member of a noble military family, she ended up involved with the LDO's leader and thus the path of sorcery.
She, too, vanished following her master's staged assassination, and assisted in the formation of the Obsidian Round Table.
A straight-laced soldier, strict and stern, whose ideals and actions allow no room for dawdling. As such, any task she undertakes is guaranteed to be carried out to the letter.

Designation	:Magic Artillery	Zodiac	:Sagittarius
Obsidian Round Table	:Number IX	Form	:Manifest Type
Rune	:Victory	Degree	:?
Major Arcana	:Temperance	Ahnenerbe	:?

"This is for sanitary reasons.
You wretches reek. Keeping you alive is not an option."

Battle Parameter

ATK=Attack + bloodshed. DEF=Defense + durability. MAG=Magic + effective length of skill usage.
AGI=Agility + mobility. EQP=Synchronization with Ahnenerbe + immutability of rules.

Face Variation

Lisa Brenner

Number XI of the Longinus Dreizehn Orden's
Obsidian Round Table, "Babylon Magdalene"

Voice:Risato Habuki

Height: 174 cm Weight: 57 kg
B: 93 cm W: 60 cm H: 91 cm

An old friend of Trifa's, as well as his adjunct of sorts.
Her sanity is relatively intact compared to the collection of personality disorders that makes up most of the Obsidian Round Table.
However, her title of Babylon designates her as a mother of evil — the embodiments of which most likely pose a far greater threat than she herself.
Those who challenge the Obsidian Round Table would be wise to target and eliminate her first.

Designation	:Great Mother	Zodiac	:Aquarius
Obsidian Round Table	:Number XI	Form	:Deployment Type
Rune	:Cycle of Reincarnation	Degree	:Yetzirah
Major Arcana	:Star	Ahnenerbe	:?

"Even we hypocrites have a pride befitting us."

BATTLE PARAMETER

ATK=Attack + bloodshed. DEF=Defense + durability. MAG=Magic + effective length of skill usage.
AGI=Agility + mobility. EQP=Synchronization with Ahnenerbe + immutability of rules.

FACE VARIATION

Wolfgang Schreiber

Number XII of the Longinus Dreizehn Orden's
Obsidian Round Table, "Hróðvitnir"

Voice:Yuuki Tamaki

Height: 158 cm Weight: 50 kg

Totenkopf Battalion Commander of the Waffen-SS's Third Division, as well as the commanding officer of the Eastern Front Assault Corps and the Einsatzgruppen Special Unit.
A homicidal maniac with no doctrines, tenets, or convictions, he was eventually sentenced to be purged for his uncontrollable brutality, but was picked up by the LDO before his execution could commence.

Designation	:The Infamous Wolf	Zodiac	:Pisces
Obsidian Round Table	:Number XII	Form	:Fusion Type
Rune	:Wolf	Degree	:?
Major Arcana	:Moon	Ahnenerbe	:?

BATTLE PARAMETER

ATK=Attack + bloodshed. DEF=Defense + durability. MAG=Magic + effective length of skill usage.
AGI=Agility + mobility. EQP=Synchronization with Ahnenerbe + immutability of rules.

FACE VARIATION

Mercurius

Number XIII of the Longinus Dreizehn
Orden's Obsidian Round Table, "Mercurius"

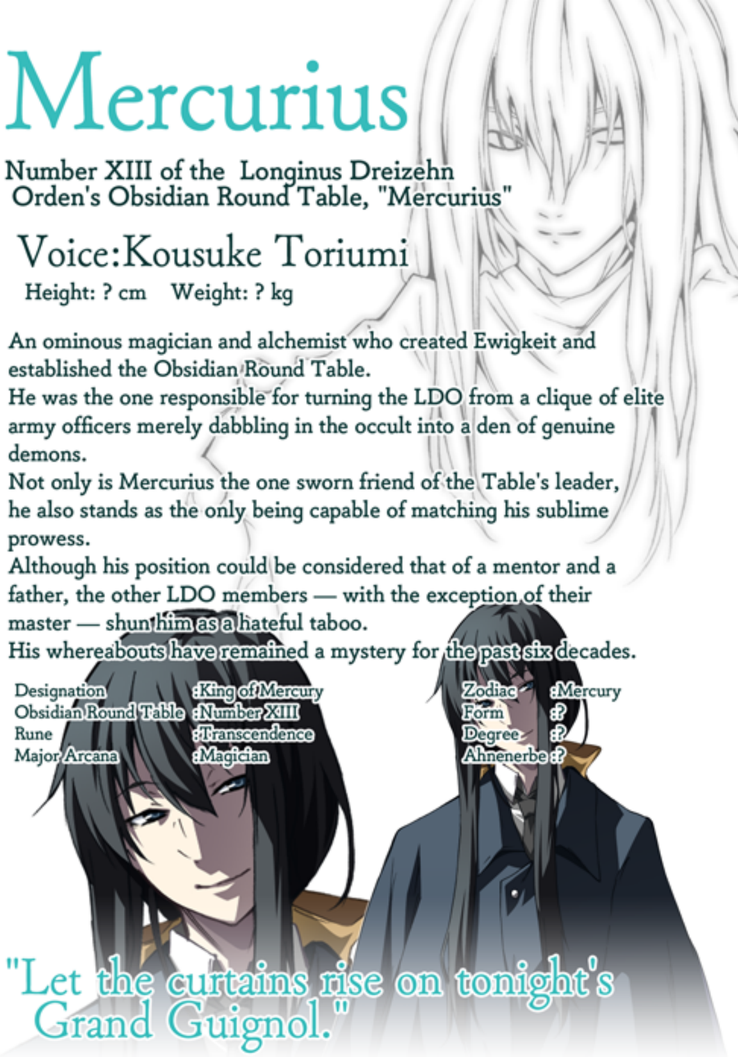
Voice:Kousuke Toriumi

Height: ? cm Weight: ? kg

An ominous magician and alchemist who created Ewigkeit and established the Obsidian Round Table.
He was the one responsible for turning the LDO from a clique of elite army officers merely dabbling in the occult into a den of genuine demons.
Not only is Mercurius the one sworn friend of the Table's leader, he also stands as the only being capable of matching his sublime prowess.
Although his position could be considered that of a mentor and a father, the other LDO members — with the exception of their master — shun him as a hateful taboo.
His whereabouts have remained a mystery for the past six decades.

Designation :King of Mercury
Obsidian Round Table :Number XIII
Rune :Transcendence
Major Arcana :Magician

Zodiac :Mercury
Form :?
Degree :?
Ahnenerbe :?

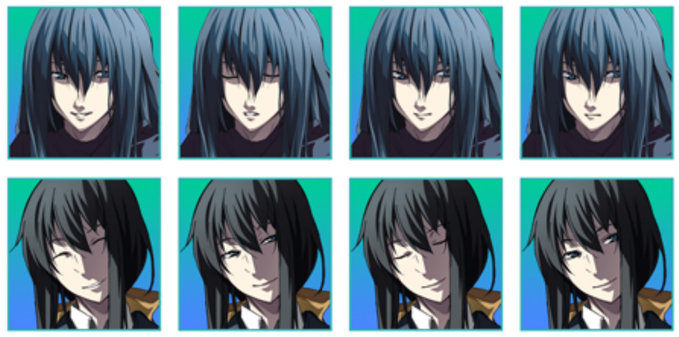


"Let the curtains rise on tonight's Grand Guignol."

Battle Parameter

ATK=Attack + bloodshed. DEF=Defense + durability. MAG=Magic + effective length of skill usage.
AGI=Agility + mobility. EQP=Synchronization with Ahnenerbe + immutability of rules.

Face Variation



Kai Sakurai

Voice:Takuma Terashima

Height: 187 cm Weight: 78 kg

Kei's older brother.
A man of few words who shunned conflict, but worked hard to ensure that his family's binding to the Obsidian Round Table ended with his generation.
He was Kei's beloved brother, someone she would sacrifice anything for to get back. Looking at her now, though, one could easily guess how he would feel about the matter.
He maintained an intimate relationship with Beatrice; both were deeply concerned about the precarious nature of their positions.

"I'm a wretched piece of filth..."

Battle Parameter

ATK=Attack + bloodshed. DEF=Defense + durability. MAG=Magic + effective length of skill usage.
AGI=Agility + mobility. EQP=Synchronization with Ahnenerbe + immutability of rules.

Face Variation

Beatrice Waltrud von Kircheisen

Voice:Kei Mizusawa

Height: 159 cm　Weight: 46 kg
B: ? cm　W: ? cm　H: ? cm

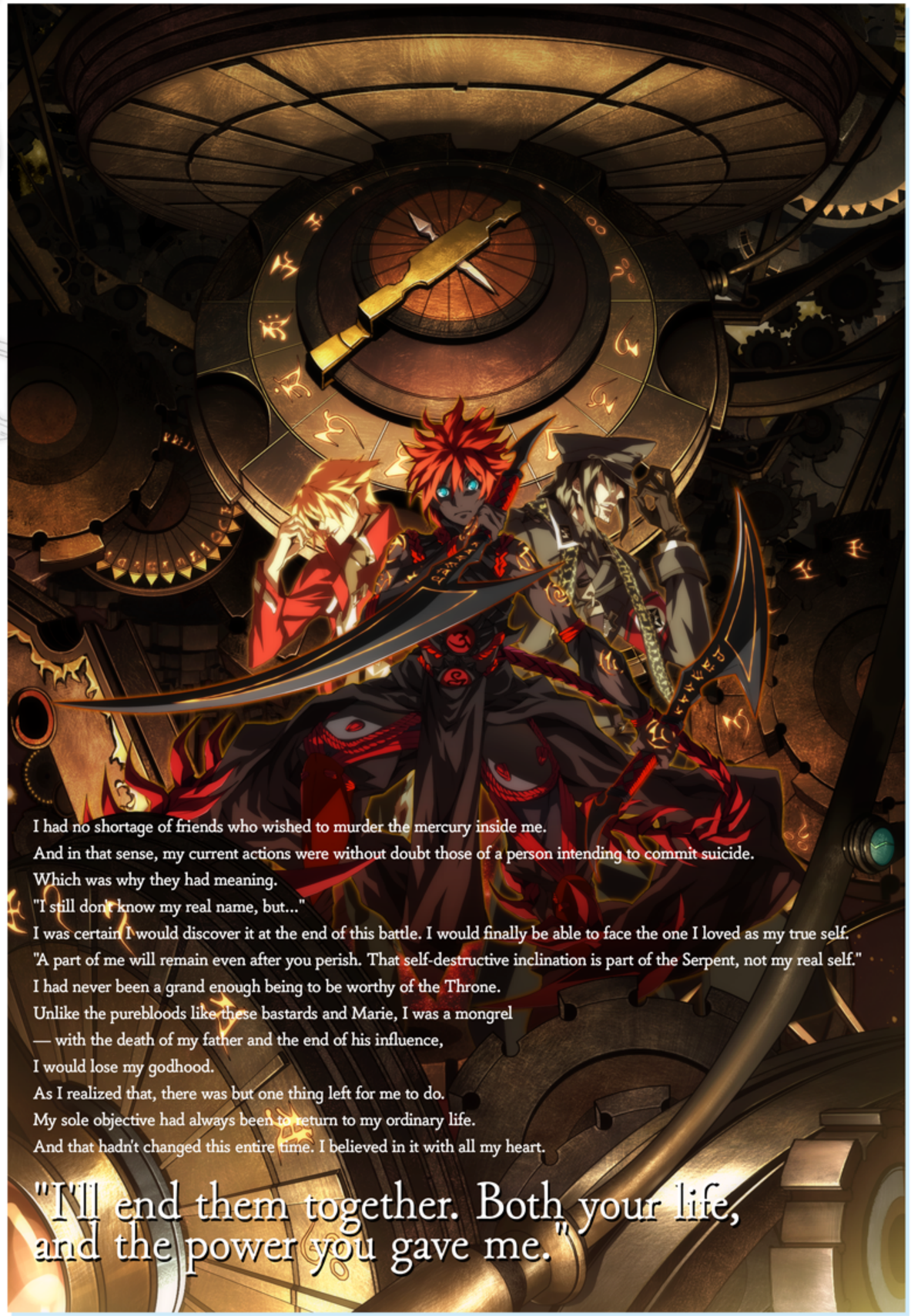
Number V of the Longinus Dreizehn Orden. Kei's predecessor and Eleonore's direct subordinate.
A hero of the Russo-German War once dubbed the "Maiden of War", Beatrice — contrary to what her title might imply — sports a surprisingly friendly and honest-to-a-fault personality.
Her cheery disposition remains in stark contrast with the rest of the Obsidian Round Table, each of whom emanate an aura of darkness marred by past traumas and foul karma.
In truth, she alone never sold her soul to the Obsidian Round Table. She pledged allegiance and resigned to an ill-suited position for the sake of a certain goal, one that Beatrice ultimately failed to accomplish due to her death in 1995.
Many were affected by her death in one way or another.

"I mean... you don't have any friends besides me, Major!"

BATTLE PARAMETER

ATK=Attack + bloodshed.　DEF=Defense + durability.　MAG=Magic + effective length of skill usage.
AGI=Agility + mobility.　EQP=Synchronization with Ahnenerbe + immutability of rules.

FACE VARIATION



I had no shortage of friends who wished to murder the mercury inside me.
And in that sense, my current actions were without doubt those of a person intending to commit suicide.
Which was why they had meaning.
"I still don't know my real name, but..."
I was certain I would discover it at the end of this battle. I would finally be able to face the one I loved as my true self.
"A part of me will remain even after you perish. That self-destructive inclination is part of the Serpent, not my real self."
I had never been a grand enough being to be worthy of the Throne.
Unlike the purebloods like these bastards and Marie, I was a mongrel
— with the death of my father and the end of his influence,
I would lose my godhood.
As I realized that, there was but one thing left for me to do.
My sole objective had always been to return to my ordinary life.
And that hadn't changed this entire time. I believed in it with all my heart.

"I'll end them together. Both your life, and the power you gave me."

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Event CG *Event graphic*

Line Draw

Nay. I vow to succeed, no matter what.
Remaining a mere spectator yields no results.
Tis a vile habit of yours, Karl.

Line Draw

Kneeling before him in servitude was a young woman with jet black hair.

Her skin color and features clearly identified her as a native of this land.

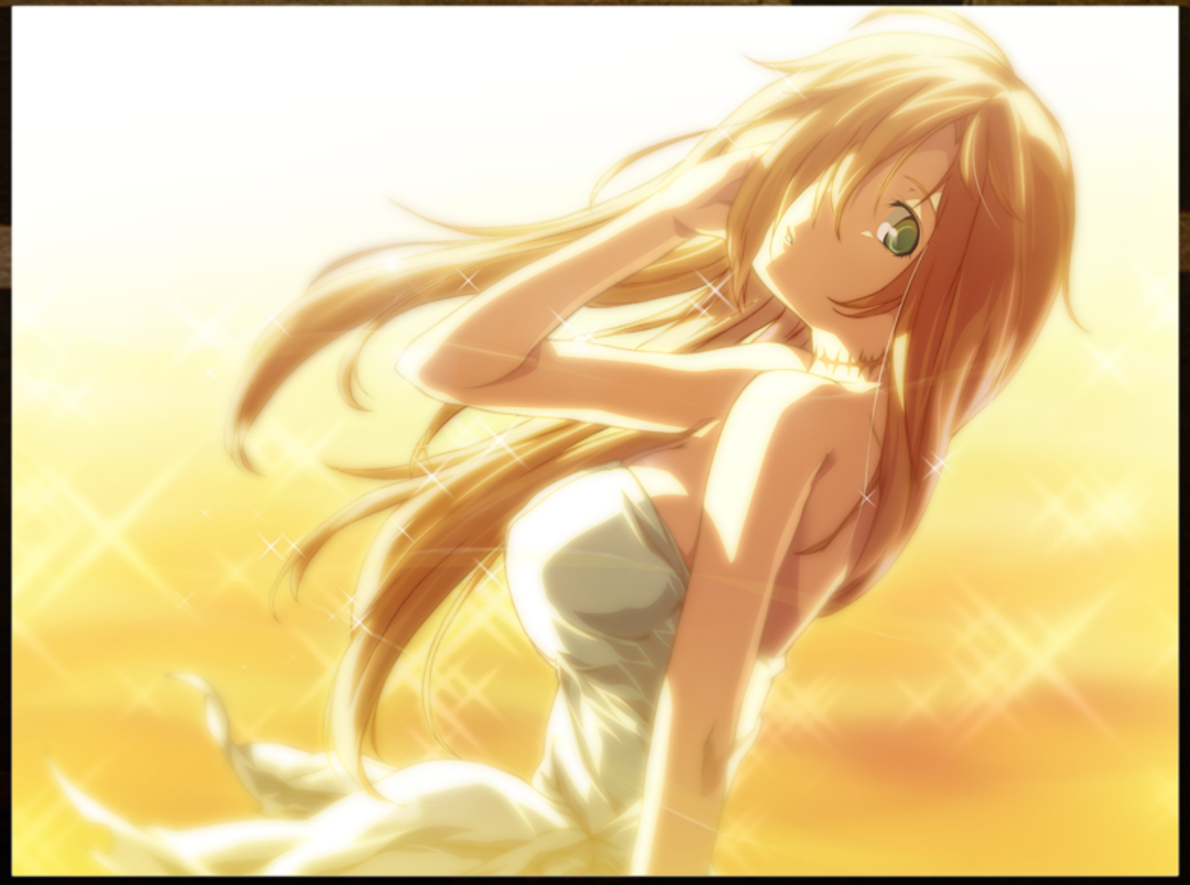
She spoke reverently, her face as expressionless as that of a statue.

Pardon my rudeness, Valeria Trifa,
Your Eminence the Divine Vessel and substitute to the Lord Commander himself.
I have summoned you here of my own volition.
Need I introduce myself ?

Event CG Event graphic

Line Draw

Blood, blood, blood, it wants blood.
Shower the guillotine with drink.
May the guillotine's thirst be quenched.
What it wants is blood, blood, blood.



Line Draw

Me? Yeah. Just a bit sleep deprived, that's all.
I was looking forward to seeing the police put on the whole 'good cop, bad cop' act, but I guess that only happens on TV.
Kind of a disappointment.

Event CG *Event graphic*

Line Draw

The sick stench of blood hung in the air.
The pungent aroma of gunpowder filled the area.
The entire world around them reeked with the rotten stench of murder.
These were the odors of madness.
These were the odors of calamity.
These were the odors of demons.

The beings gathering atop this bridge were without exception utterly removed from the constraints of normalcy.

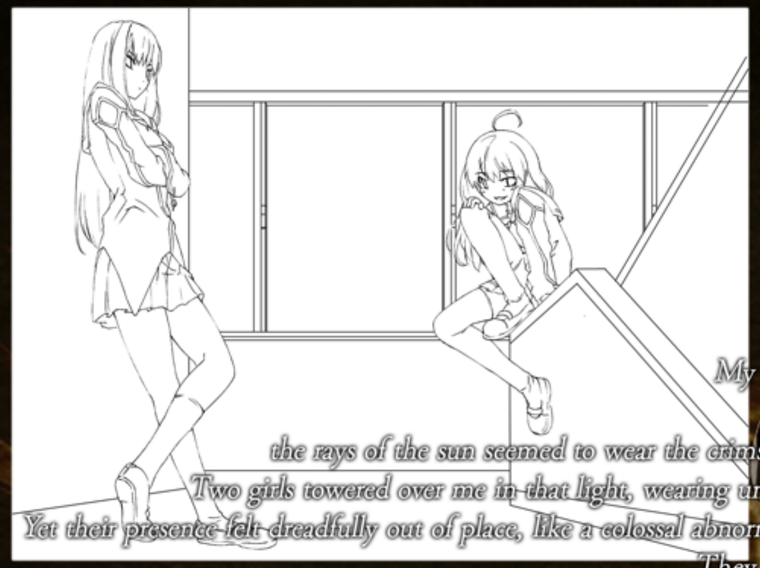
Line Draw

"Bey... what are you doing?"

The first thing I perceived upon returning to my senses was an intelligent, yet slightly irritated sounding voice.
Wilhelm stopped right in front of me, his hand frozen in the shape of a bird of prey's claw.
A dark-haired girl stood next to him, holding in place the very same hand that would've decimated my entire face with ease.

Event CG *Event graphic*

Line Draw



My vision warped from the backlighting.
Despite it being noon,
the rays of the sun seemed to wear the crimson hue of blood, at least to my eyes.
Two girls towered over me in that light, wearing uniforms I'd been all too familiar with.
Yet their presence felt dreadfully out of place, like a colossal abnormality in the midst of the mundane."
They looked graceful and sweet as flowers.
Yet they were, in truth, carnivorous plants in disguise, their thorns seeping only poison.
There they stood, in a world disconnected enough from reality to make me firmly believe that...

Line Draw

"Why... why do you always say things like that?"

"Why are you always so considerate to me...?"

Event CG *Event graphic*

Line Draw

"You really are a pain at times..."

"But that's the Ren I..."

Kasumi's voice sounded peaceful now, almost like an evil spirit had been exorcised from her.
As I held her in my embrace, I felt something from her body enter mine.
It flooded into my cut right arm, sealing up the wound like it was driving a wedge into it.
I felt the sensation of a foreign object entering my arm — the sensation of receiving power —
coupled with the dread of no longer being truly human.
More importantly, I was relieved that Kasumi no longer had it.
I had no more reason to worry. Kasumi was no longer involved with this.

"You'd better not go vanishing on your own... you promised me."

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Event CG *Event graphic*

Line Draw

I think something like this happened before.
Back before Shirou vanished...

Line Draw

Marguerite Breuilh, the Jewel of Saint-Malo.
A flower made to wither under the weight of the guillotine — a girl fated to loop back into the infant born under the very same woods of justice. Except...

"I will forever remain here, won't I?"

Line Draw

"But why don't we talk a bit more first?"

Once I opened my eyes,
I saw Sakurai's face, just a few centimeters away from mine.
She hung over me and practically pinned me to the wall, robbing me of my freedom.
From this distance, I could see how surprisingly slender her body was.
I felt her heartbeat through our overlapping chests.

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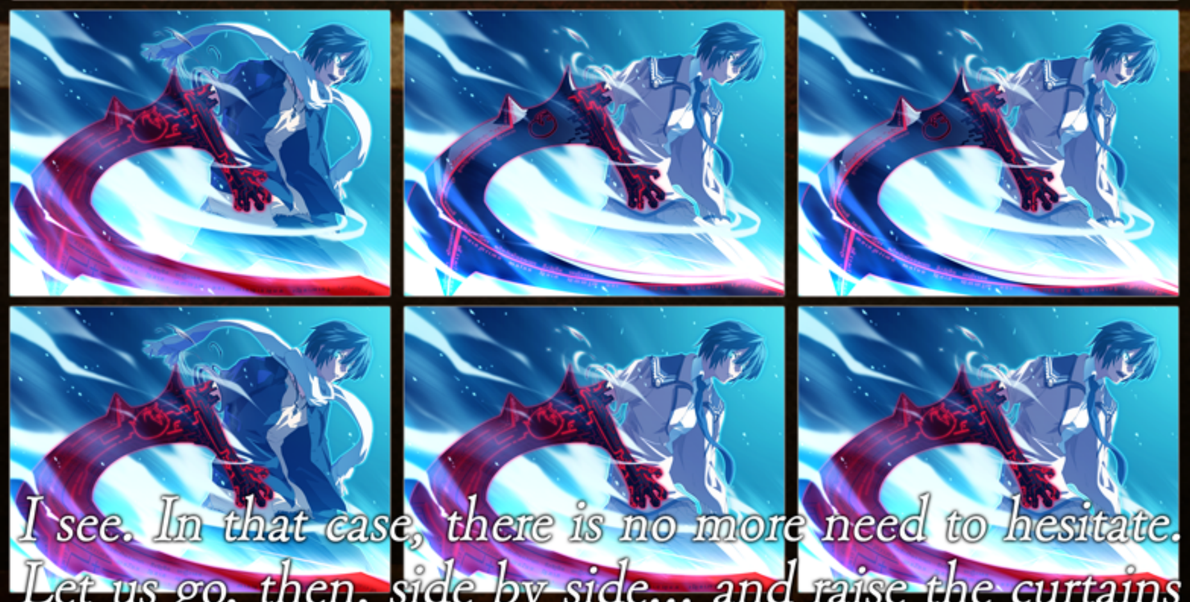
Event CG *Event graphic*

Line Draw



I see. In that case, there is no more need to hesitate.
Let us go, then, side by side... and raise the curtains on tonight's Grand Guignol.

Line Draw

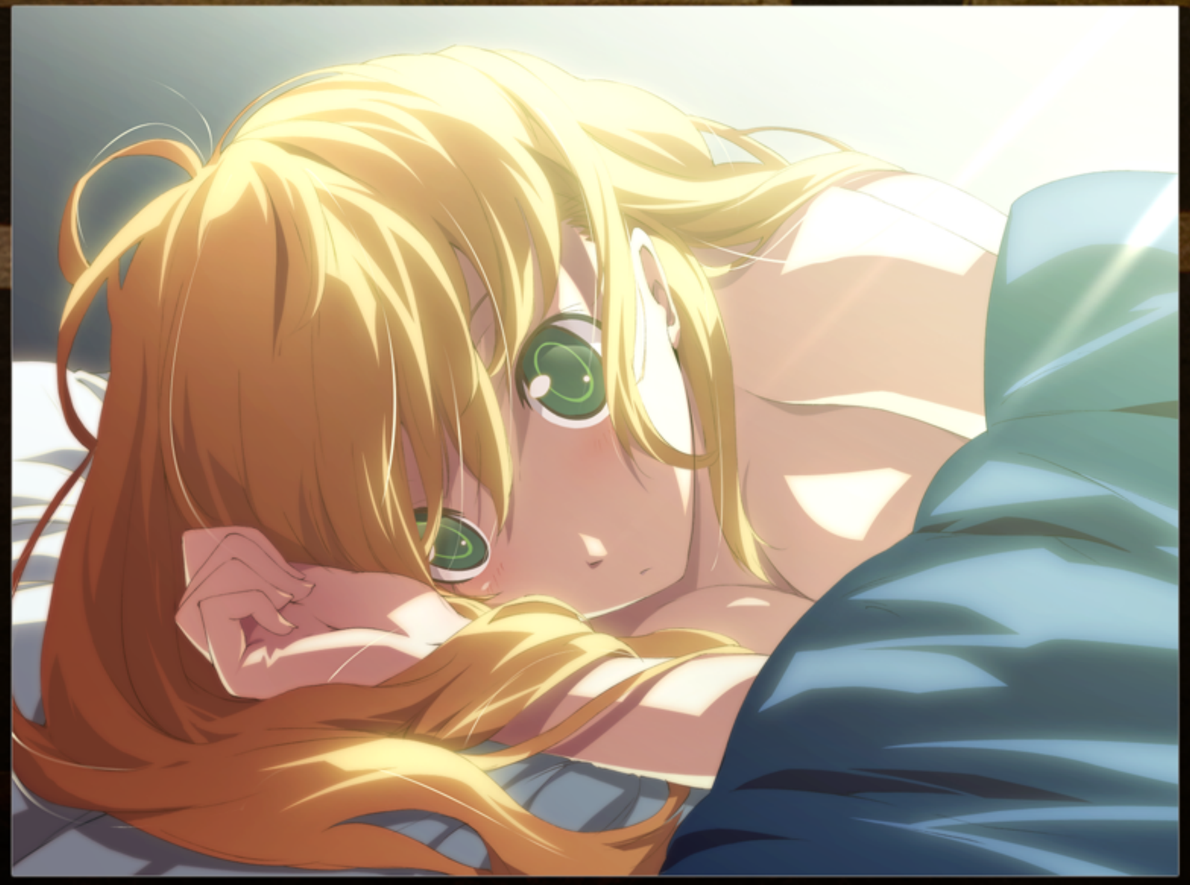
"Halt, O time...For thou art fair".

"Verweile doch——Du bist so schön"

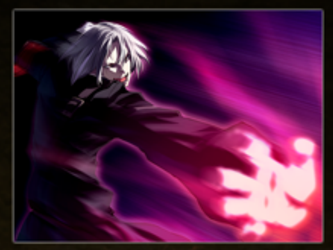
Event CG *Event graphic*

Line Draw

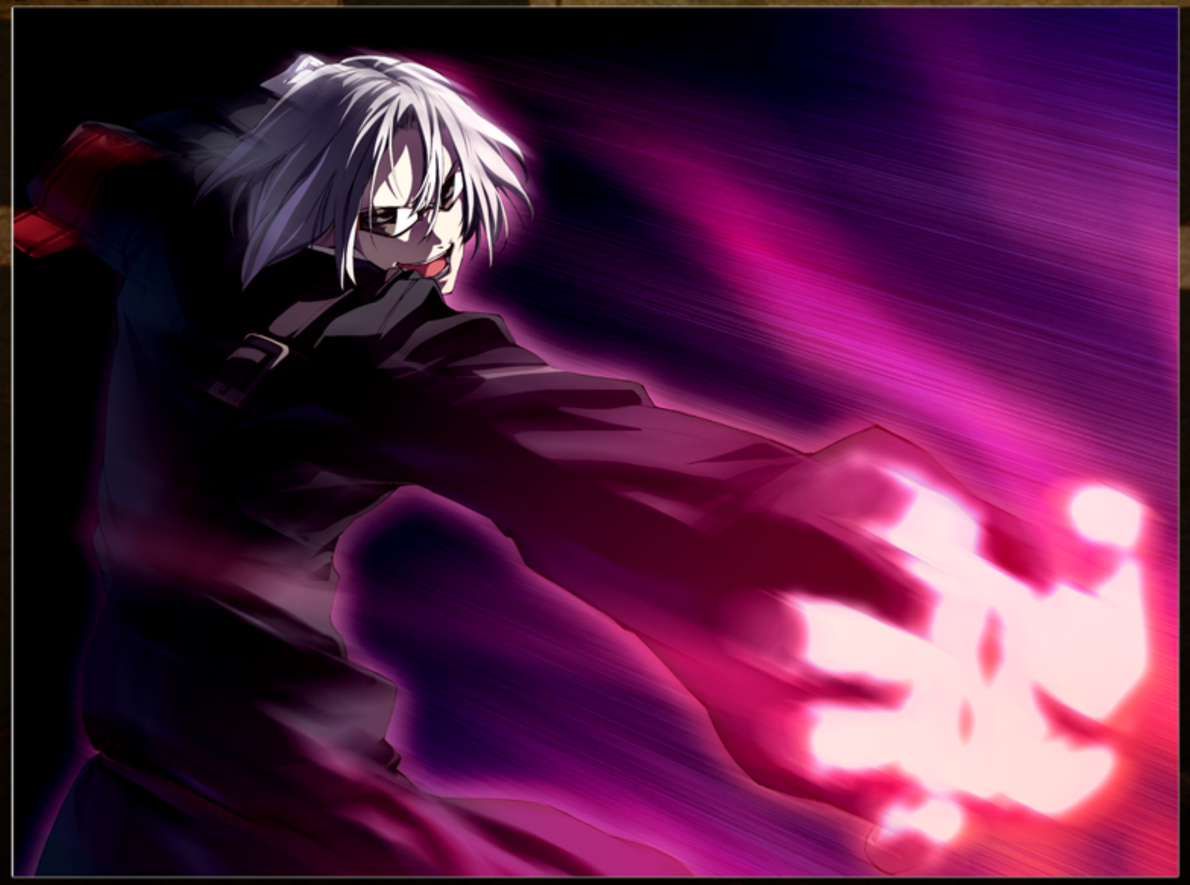
"Good morning, Ren."



Line Draw



"Number IV of the Longinus Dreizehn Orden's
Obsidian Round Table,
Wilhelm Ehrenburg, Kaziklu Bey.
State your name, kid. Don't you know anything about
proper manners on the battlefield?"



Event CG *Event graphic*

Line Draw

Sixty years... They have most certainly not been short.
About twice the amount we had spent as mortals.
People change with the times.
I believe that to be generally the case.

Yet you have not changed. Not one speck of you. Frankly,
that obstinance of yours exasperates me;
one could almost call it obsession to the point of self-delusion.

Tell me: what made you that way?

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Event CG *Event graphic*

Line Draw

"Allow me to welcome you once again
to our Bottomless Pit..."

Line Draw

And only then did I realize that Shirou Yusa had been standing back to back with me with an invincible smirk that showed a complete lack of interest in Wilhelm's rage.

"Whoa, I see someone's teeth are as hard as always.
You actually like small fry, don't you?"

Line Draw

An orchestra of blinding muzzle flashed as deafening roars burst forth in an instant;
a series of bafflingly impossible curved shots that completely disregarded
all the basics and theories of proper ballistics.
Normally, anyone who tried to pull off a stunt like that with such a large caliber gun would sooner
destroy their own wrist than the target.
However...

"Then here's a question for ya:
who's the weakest one here, brat?"

Event CG *Event graphic*

Line Draw

"Wither to ashes, O my love."
"Sophie, Welken Sie"

Wilhelm chanted, his pallid face distorted by joy.
With ferocity, dissipation and excessive satisfaction...
...his aria reached its climax.

"Beri'ah"—
"Der Rosenkavalier Schwarzwald"

Line Draw

"Mhm... *munch* *munch* *munch*"

"*munch* *munch* *munch*"

"*munch* *munch*"

"*munch* *munch* *cough*"

I was trying my best here.

With two girls flanking me,
I had to ensure their safety by
whatever means necessary.

"*munch* *munch*"

"*cough* Agh, agh, R-Ren... W-Water... *cough*"

Event CG *Event graphic*

Line Draw

Uwoahhhhhh!

The guillotine soaring through the air. My battle cry piercing the skies. My soul on the verge of an explosive burst. I could no longer think of what would come next.
I believed in Marie — more than anyone. I wanted to fulfill her hopes and dreams.
I'd return to my day-to-day life and bring her with me into the sunlight.
It wasn't beyond my reach. Nor was it lost.
I had to survive — I couldn't die.
I wouldn't die. I'd win this!

Line Draw

"Yetzirah"

"——Formation."

Sakurai could condense the heat, mold it into form, and wield it as a weapon — a true embodiment of raging flames.

Line Draw

"Anything that gets in my way will burn to ashes!"

An exploding roar resounded as the blade hasted towards me with a scarlet flash.
Fire couldn't be cut, pierced, smashed or broken. I belatedly formed the guillotine, but there was little it could do against Sakurai's blazing corpus.
Her craving enabled her sword to permeate my blade, rendering me unable to block.
Clearly, I was now facing her trump card — her ultimate skill. It was a convincing manifestation of the third stage's power.

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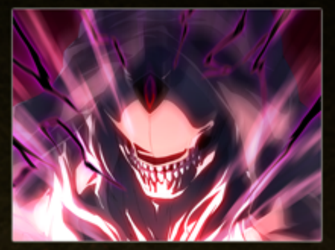
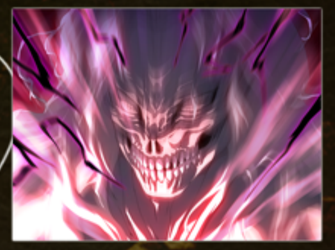
Event CG *Event graphic*

Line Draw

"My name is Spinne. Rote Spinne, Number X of the Longinus Dreizehn Orden's Obsidian Round Table.
Pleased to make your acquaintance, beloved Zarathustra."

Line Draw





The aberrant, wicked intentions...
oozing out of from deep within that hellish black mask—

"Yetzirah"
"Formation"—

That was her Ahnenerbe—

"Pallida Mors"
"The Mask of Pale Death."

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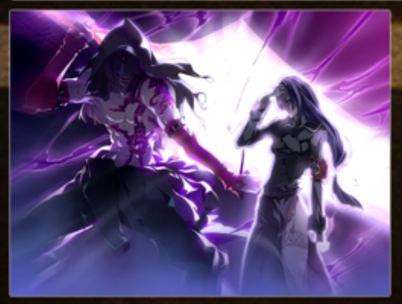
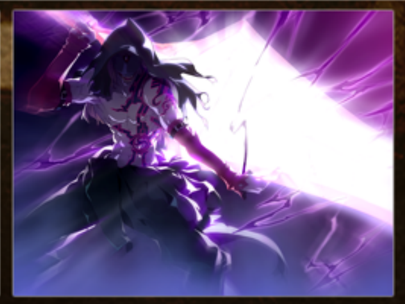
Event CG *Event graphic*

Line Draw





"-Cain!"

Her loud voice drowned out his vilification and summoned the corpse warrior. Donning the mask and wielding pure violence — an amalgam of destruction and death stood before Trifa.

"It is no use. Surely you know that."

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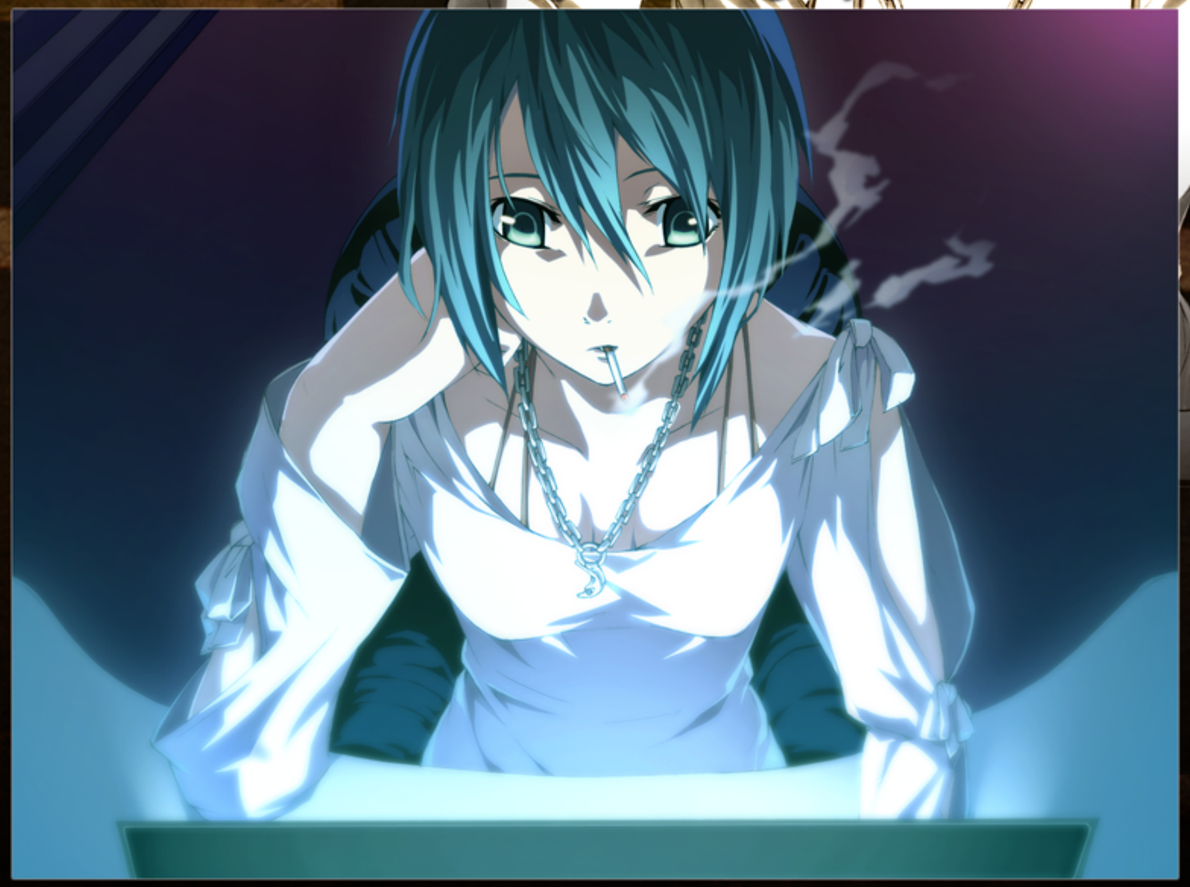
Event CG *Event graphic*

Line Draw

Line Draw

"Don't get so hung up about it.
I know why you dropped by,
and I'll show you something interesting if you wait a sec."



And the lightning the bastard's weapon gave off with each slash...
was powerful beyond belief — it was a lot like that sword of fire Sakurai wielded.
My opponent's range of attack was not limited to the length of his greatsword.
It was too dangerous to lock blades with this dead freak.
At the very least, I didn't feel confident I could last on the defensive.
So... I had to take the offensive.
I'd just keep hacking away at him,
not giving the freak a chance to swing his sword.

Line Draw

"Within the dark of night, a sleepless night, "

"In der Nacht, wo alles schläft"

It was an echo different from a voice.

"I part with the water's womb in jubilance..."

"Wie schön, den Meeresboden zu verlassen."

Something that wasn't air passed through me
— a vibration that shook not my eardrums, but my soul.

Event CG *Event graphic*

Line Draw

"Hey, say something cool."

"Damn, your ass feels so damn fine!"

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Event CG *Event graphic*

Line Draw

A particularly potent aroma of tobacco fumes filled the air as Rubedo — the crimson knightess — let her hair sway in the wind, her already warped face distorting with palpable displeasure.
But then, the flame-adorning Einherjar raised a shout of exultation.

Her very soul was trembling with joy at the idea of executing the treacherous fiend before her.

"So those are your true colors, you filth.
Without your pretense, a representative like you is downright worthless."
"Know your standing, scum. No matter how much you hope for it,
someone as lowly as you are will never become Lord Heydrich."

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Event CG *Event graphic*

Line Draw

He had to respond with his full power.
It was the only path he could take,
and its final destination was clear as daylight.

"Beri'ah"——

The priest no longer wished for a turnaround.

"Miðgarð Völsunga Saga——"

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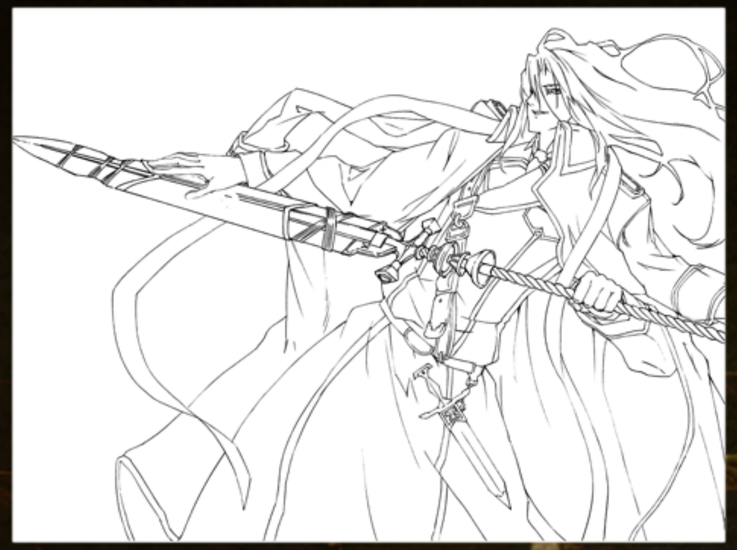
Event CG *Event graphic*

Line Draw



The covenant of a testamental proclamation of death.

"Vere filius Dei erat iste"

The promise to fulfill a destiny carved in stone.

"Longinuslanze Testament—"

Line Draw

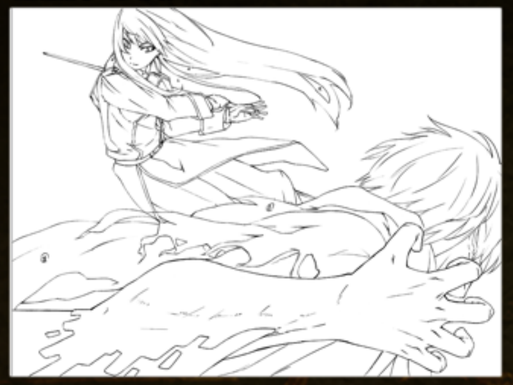
"Sieg Heil!
That is correct, Master Sergeant.
What a wonderful display of will and bravery!
You deserve the honor of becoming His flesh and blood."

Event CG *Event graphic*

Line Draw

Reinhard... No, out of the question.
Way out of our league. The guys shown on the screen were like kittens compared to him.
And I bet there were more mind-boggling monsters lurking out there, too.
They must never be allowed to resurface.
Those guys — feared even by Spinne, their own comrade — were like nuclear weapons.
If they came back to pick a fight, it'd be all over. We couldn't beat them.
The Obsidian Round Table's Commander, Vice Commander, and their three Battalion Commanders.

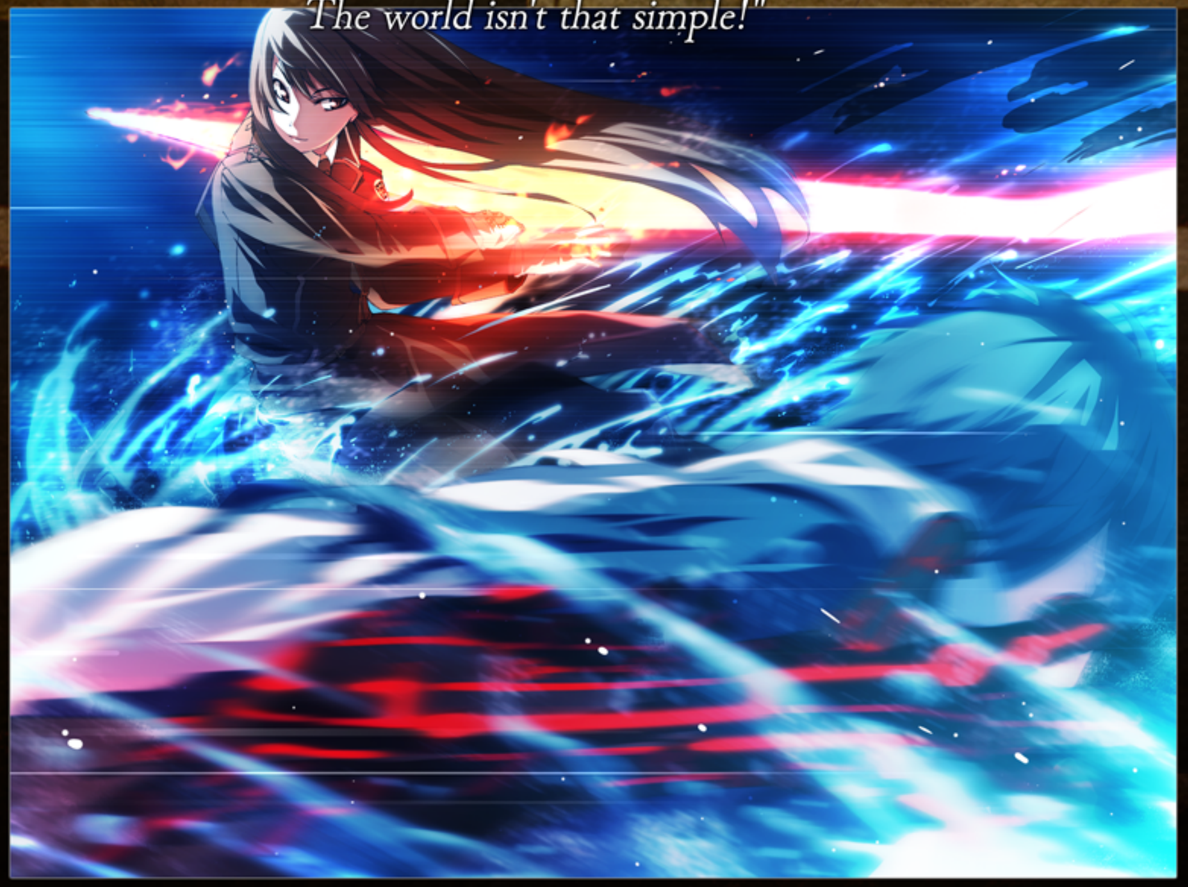
Line Draw



I couldn't stand her, and the feeling appeared to be mutual.
I may have been overly obsessed with my peaceful life,
but that didn't mean a bunch of war-crazed assholes had the right to complain about it.

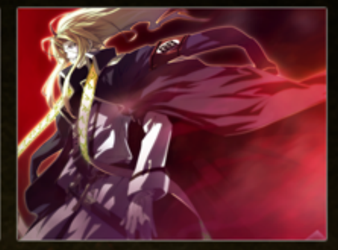
"See, there's the proof. In the end, you are just like me."

"Don't be so conceited to believe you are some hero fighting for love and justice!
The world isn't that simple!"



Event CG *Event graphic*

Line Draw



"Allow me to introduce myself, my beloved offering."
"My name is Reinhard..."

I quickly recalled that there was a man by that name known as The Totenkopf's Black Prince and The Hangman.

"Number I of the Longinus Dreizehn Orden's Obsidian Round Table,
Hagall Herzog, the Monarch of Destruction — Reinhard Tristan Eugen Heydrich."
"Someone undeniably related to you once described me as Mephistopheles,
the Harbinger of Beguiling Light... and a man not unlike a devil."

Line Draw

"Eheehee!"

Kasumi took my arm and practically glued herself to me.

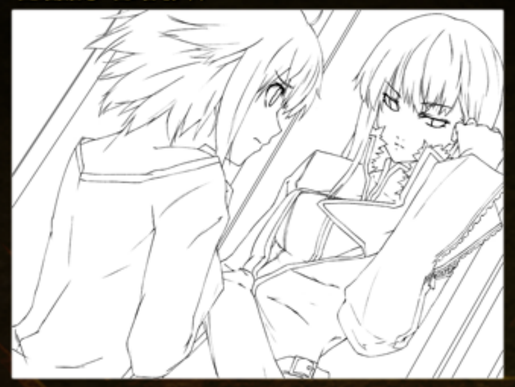
"Don't cling so much."

I tried to pry her off me, but Kasumi only clung to me harder.

"Eheheh, lay off. We're finally on a date, you know!"

Event CG *Event graphic*

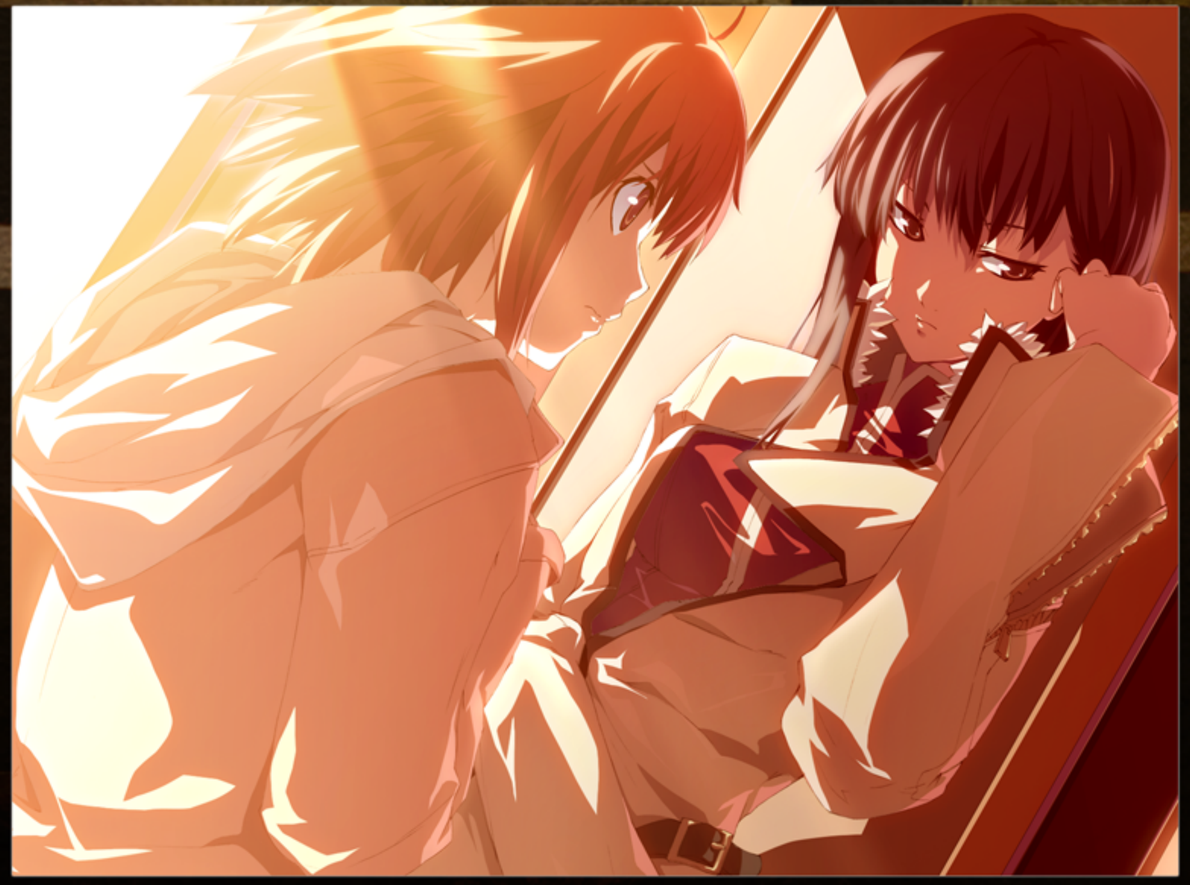
Line Draw



"Sakurai..."

The sight of the girl unwillingly brought back memories of that day.
The last day of Kasumi's school life.
Reviving all the memories of everything she'd been shown and experienced.

"You seem to be having fun, don't you, Ayase?"

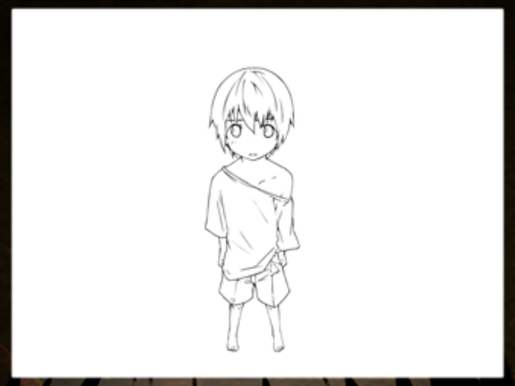


Line Draw

Kasumi was a ray of sunshine that I never wanted to lose.

"Hello, Earth to Ren?"

Line Draw



Line Draw

Event CG *Event graphic*

Line Draw

"Goodbye..."

Goodbye, Kasumi.
"My first and last... friend."
She was so glad...

"I'm so glad I met you..."

Line Draw

"Four more left..."

Her faint voice melted into the chapel.
As if bearing her own weight, the girl forced more power into her joined hands.

The smiling visage of a blond, well-mannered man appeared under her closed eyelids.

"What drives you to...?"

Line Draw

"Well, now. Let us put an end to this little game.
Allow me to once again introduce myself, Mr. Fujii."

"I am known as the Divine Vessel.
Number III and acting commander of the Longinus Dreizehn Orden's Obsidian Round Table
— Valeria Trifa, Kristoff Lohengrin.
A man once labeled a wicked saint by a magician who could very well be regarded as your own ancestor.
I have carried his curse ever since."

Event CG *Event graphic*

Line Draw

In other words... this meant that everything
— from Kasumi to Himuro
— could easily be connected to this whole goddamn mess.

"Shall we begin our crusade in earnest?"

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Event CG *Event graphic*

Line Draw

Line Draw

Line Draw

"Ahahahahahahahahahahahahah!"

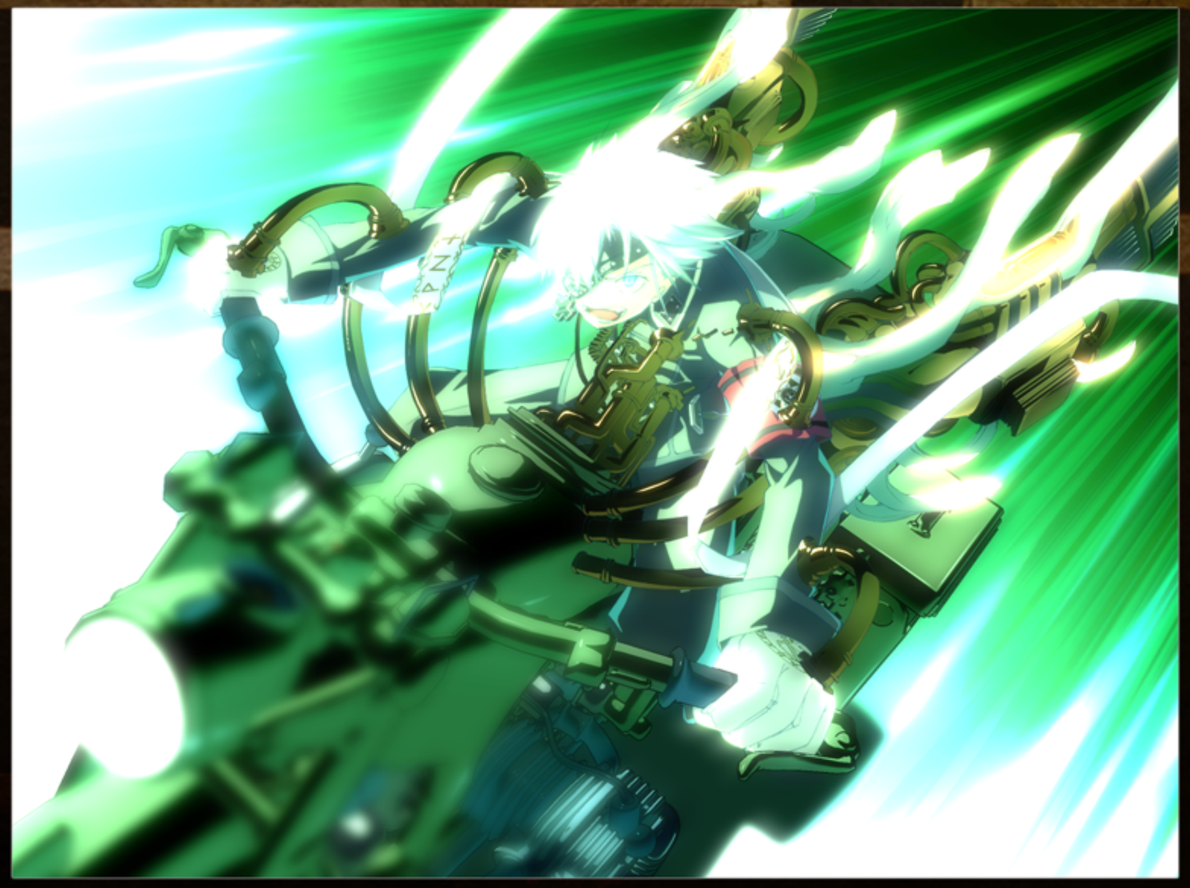
The small young boy danced ecstatically in the air, dashing, jumping, and running on empty space as his piercing laughter resounded throughout the surroundings.
All he left in the wake of his sprint was a mountainous trail of corpses.
He was a hurricane of blood, mowing down and greedily consuming everyone, regardless of whether they were in their homes, cars, or just out on the streets.
He displayed no concern for the locations of the remaining Swastikas, or the sacrifices they required.
The release from the castle made Albedo's body tremble with joy as he obeyed the impulse to fulfill his desire for slaughter.

Line Draw

"Farewell, brave realm of splendor; farewell, Valhalla!"

"Fahr'hin, Waihalls lenchtende Welt"

The shattering tempest began carrying a ruinous, curse-like aria. The maddened Albedo — Wolfgang Schreiber — was unleashing his most powerful skill.

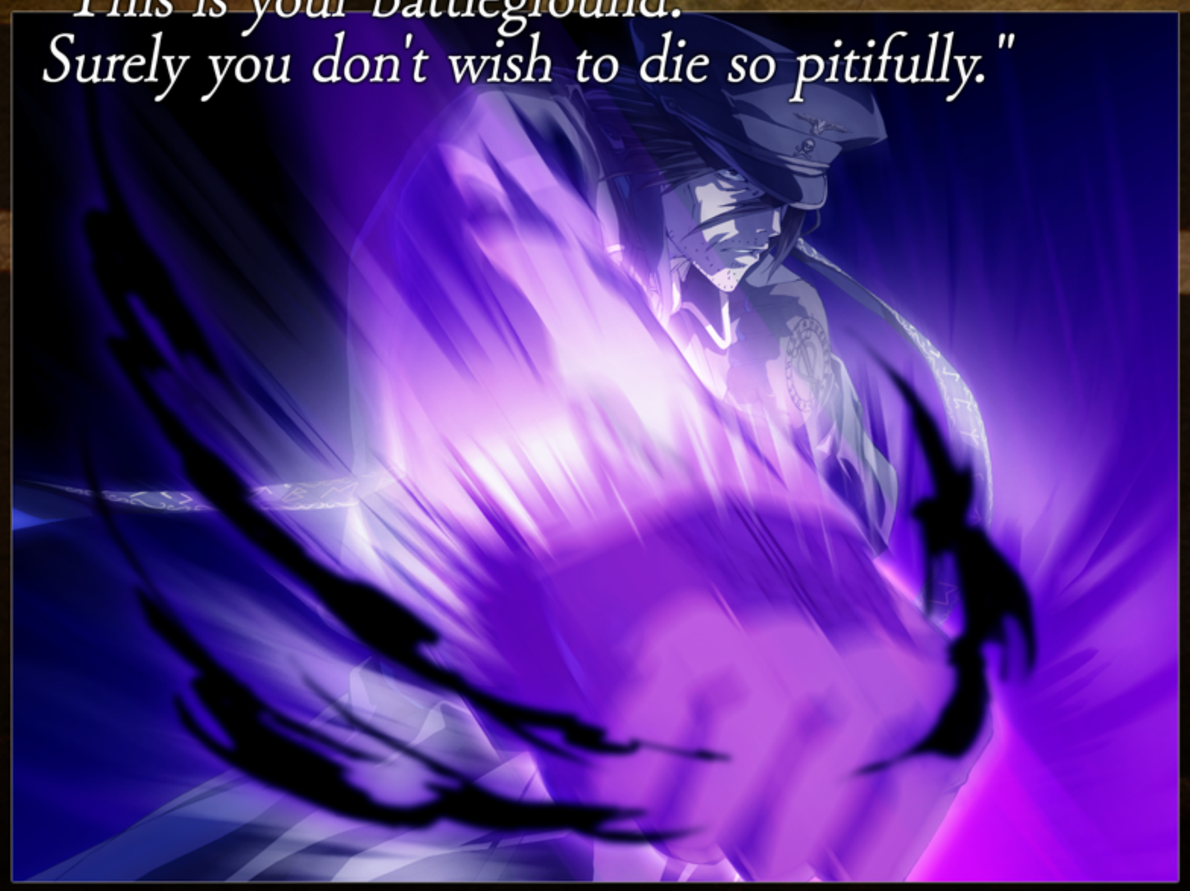


Line Draw

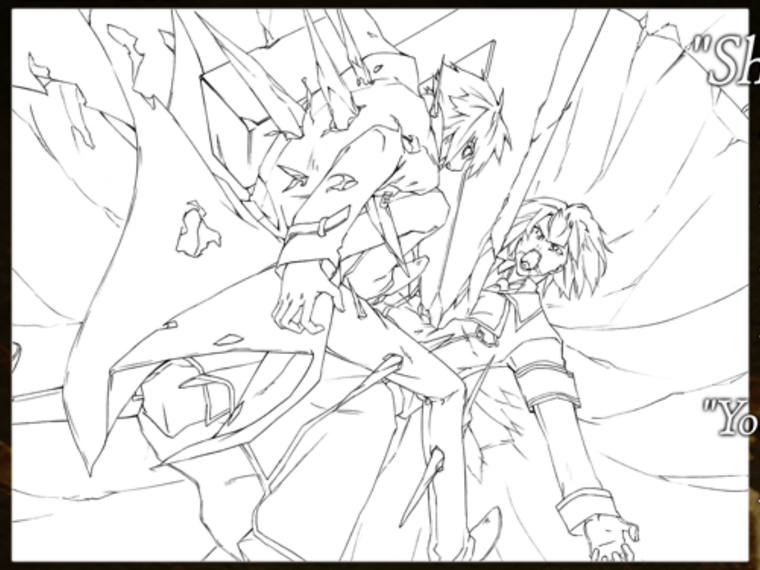
"Try and resist, Divine Vessel."

The humanoid incarnation of death spoke with indifference as he clenched his all-ending fist.
Machina's attacks ignored any defenses, and could be unleashed countless times.
As long as he was on the offensive, Götz von Berlichingen was unparalleled.

"This is your battleground.
Surely you don't wish to die so pitifully."



Line Draw



"Shirooou!"

One of them had a goddess of victory.
Someone like Wilhelm who had been abandoned by everything would never have a deity smile upon him.

"Your hand— raise it up!"

And with that, the outcome was set.

"Burn in hell, vampire.
Sing your Sieg Heils there forever."

Line Draw

"Atziluth"—
"Res novae"—
"Also Sprach Zarathustra!"

Line Draw

"Salutations.
And so we meet again, Marguerite."

Line Draw

"Heheh, I'll do it for you."

Well, whatever.

"Mmm, huh, this is..."

"Wait, hold still for a sec, okay?"

"Huh, that's odd. How does this go on again?"

Event CG *Event graphic*

Line Draw

"Huh?"

"Y-Y-You shouldn't cheat on her!"

Line Draw

That goes without saying.
One shall be all.
I will become the world itself
— what else to do but cherish
each and every one of my cells?

Aye, souls are indeed sweet
and delectable.
And still I hunger for more.
Love, valor, despair, anger,
sorrow — all of it.
Savage wrongdoers and newborn
sucklings alike — every little
being crawling within me is
deserving of my blessings.

Their stories are the supreme offering to me.
It is the price they must pay in order to exist within my Weltall.

Line Draw

I bid you welcome.

This is the new world. We now stand at the center of creation.
Thus, the curtains rose on the final "Grand Guignol".

Line Draw

"...no matter the cost."

As one deeming her worthy of becoming the Goddess cradling the new world, he would not spare a moment for hesitation.

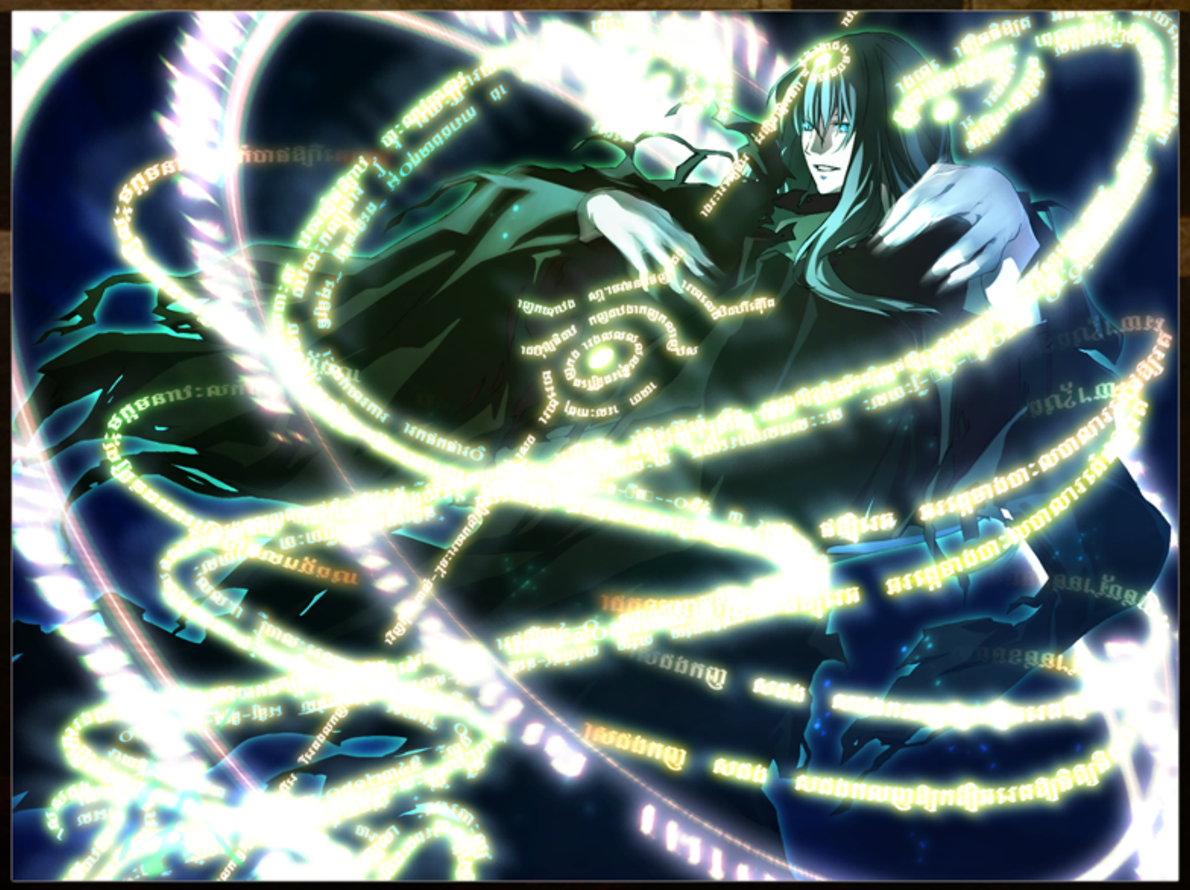
"After all, your true craving..."

Moments before she touched him, Mercurius — assured of his victory — uttered something in a joyous manner.

Event CG *Event graphic*

Line Draw

Therefore, you consider foreknowledge supreme.



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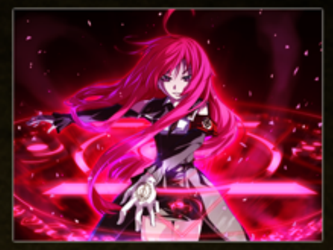
Line Draw

Line Draw



As if the expression of boredom was an order, the shadows surrounding Shirou began to wriggle and crawl.
An amalgam of shadow and blood.
A mass of bone-white fangs and darkness given form. A baleful mouth-monster that seemed to represent the girl's rampaging desire.
It was like the world the witch lived through shaped itself and emerged before him.

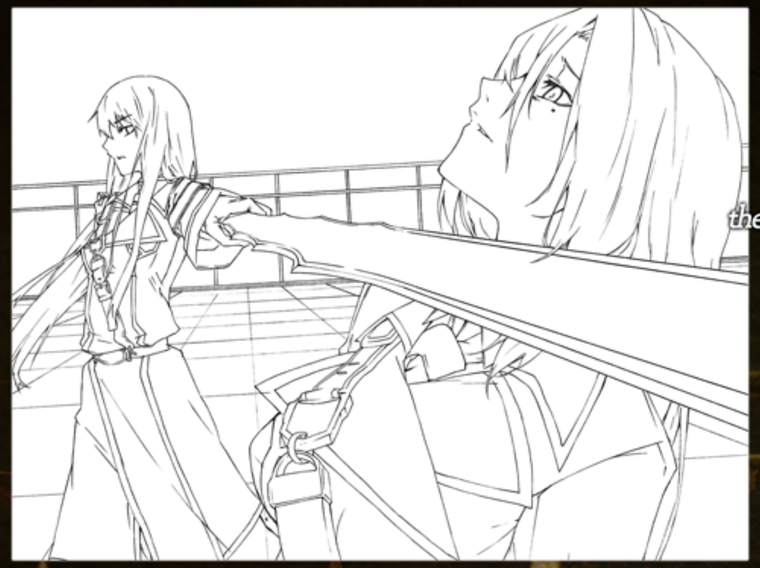
"I don't quite like people that put up a strong front."

Line Draw

Rusalka's expression was distorted.
Not with pain or suffering...
...but fear.

"Agh... oh... gieeeeeghh!"

Line Draw



Exactly as she was told, the girl stood next to Lisa and observed her actions, ready to cut her down the moment she made a wrong move. The woman looked down on the blade edging on her neck and sounded a tired sigh.

"You're not a very bright young lady. Why are you being so obedient after she called you useless and treated you as such?"

Event CG *Event graphic*

Line Draw

"Just like you..."

Her words — laden with a hint of self-mockery — were aimed at the giant standing next to her.
He was a soulless machine — a weapon.
All she could do was laugh at the irony of him being controlled by yet another worthless puppet such as herself.

"So at the very least, I think it would be good if you weren't..."

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Line Draw

Line Draw

It's either me...
"...or myself."

We both had to focus on the conflict between our Emanations — the tug of war between our laws, based entirely on simple willpower.

Thus, I cleared my mind...

"Let's do this!"

...and bid my soul against his to fight him through the night of Dies irae.

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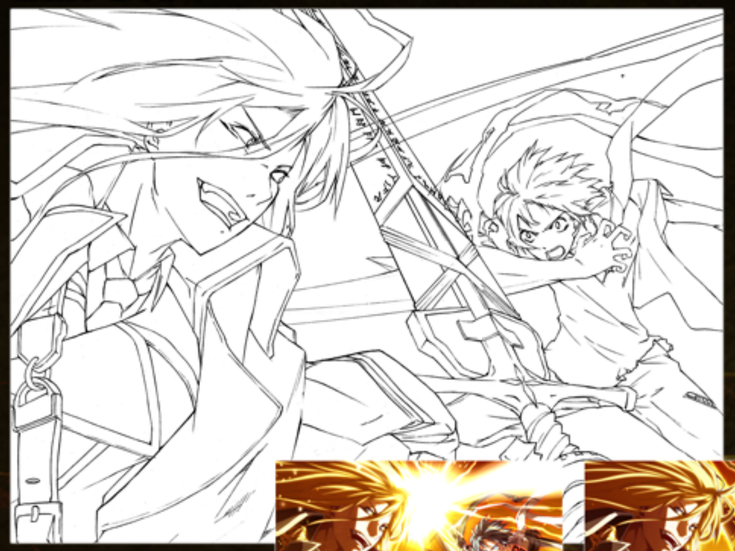
Event CG *Event graphic*

Line Draw

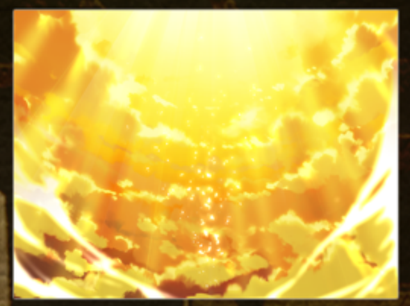
"Nun bist du bezwungen!"
It was the realization of Hegemony.
"Atziluth——"
The proverbs of blessing were reaching their end as the promise was fulfilled.
"Heilige Arche."
"Goldene Eihwaz."
"Swastika."

Line Draw



Event CG *Event graphic*

Line Draw



Line Draw

"Let's end this, you bastard."

Shirou stood up and carried out another "formation", wringing out all the tools of torture he could summon at once, spreading them throughout his surroundings.
They were as much weapons as they were armor.
He'd risk his life with every attack, but it was definitely worth a shot.

The harsh reality of Shirou being unable to catch up to Wilhelm's speed remained, allowing the vampire to potentially put the boy into a checkmate by simply keeping his distance while barraging him with stakes.
Shirou provoked the vampire precisely in order to prevent him from taking that route.
Would he take the bait, or...?

"You're a fucking riot!"

Line Draw

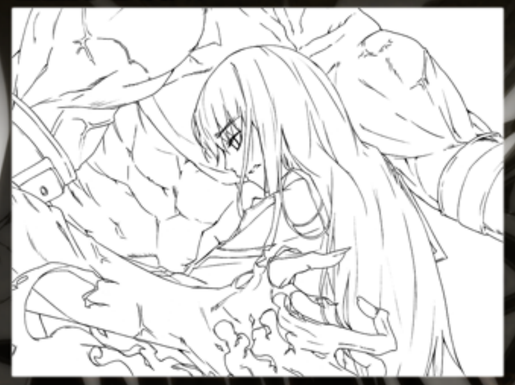
With an annoyed smile on his face, Schreiber raised his right hand to his eye level.
Rusalka's hair was still in his grip.

"Please... I beg of you, Schreiber... You're a good boy..."
"Hey, Anna... I'm talking to him right now, so how about you leave this for later?"
"Please! I'll do anything... guhbh!"

His left hand dug into her face.

"I'm telling you to leave this for later!"

Line Draw



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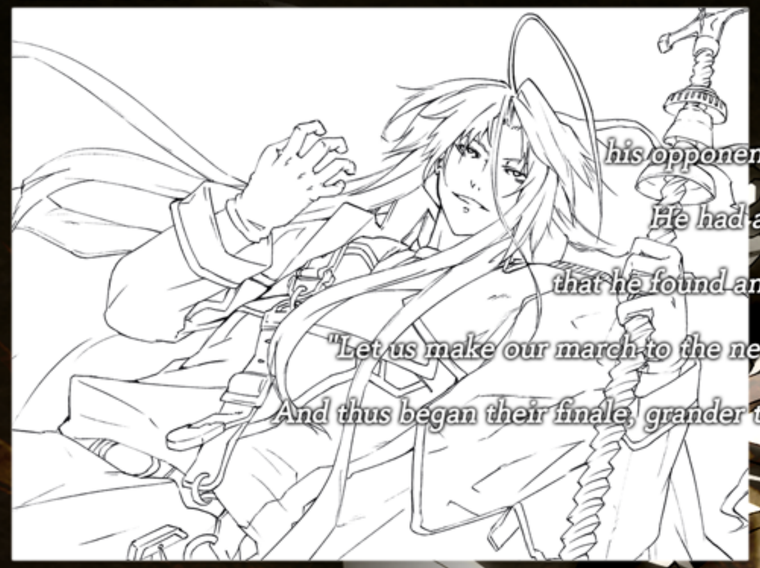
Line Draw



For becoming what they were,

his opponents were truly worthy of his love.

He had always wished to say the words:

that he found an opponent worthy to clash with.

"Let us make our march to the new realm, sublime and splendid."

And thus began their finale, grander than any struggle fought before;

an exquisite clash to end it all.

"Frohe Weihnachten."

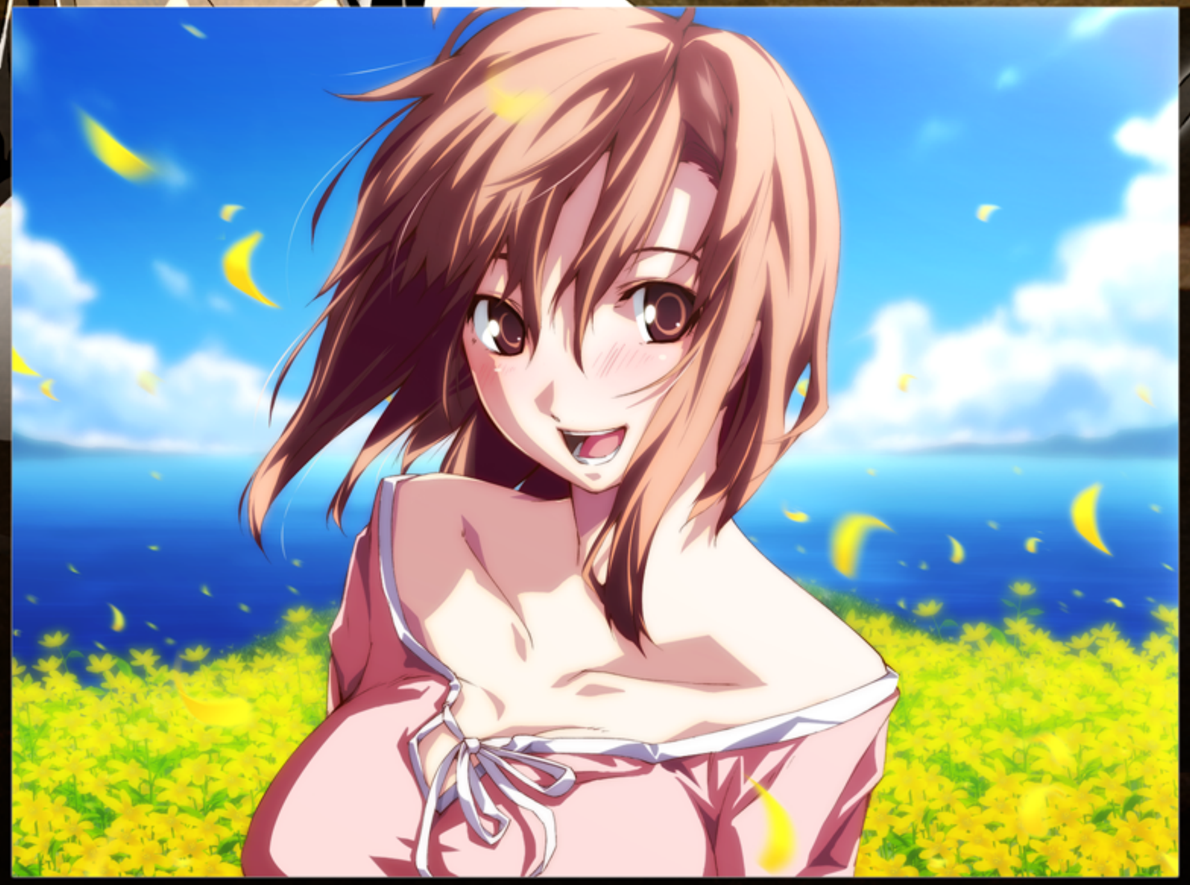
He had long since yearned for this moment,

enduring the ever-present torment of that wretched ghetto.

Event CG *Event graphic*

Line Draw

Line Draw



Line Draw

"Aye, till I chance upon that which I have yet to ravage.

What of you? Have you felt the destructive embrace of my love?

Would you care for a demonstration?"

If you truly are a violinist of the Day of Wrath,
then learn how to make your violin sing, Zarathustra.

Line Draw

I tried to get up, but Marie gently held my shoulders down and made me keep lying like I was.

"Nothing strange happened while you were asleep.
It seems like the people all left in the afternoon, though."

"So, the only ones here now are you and me."

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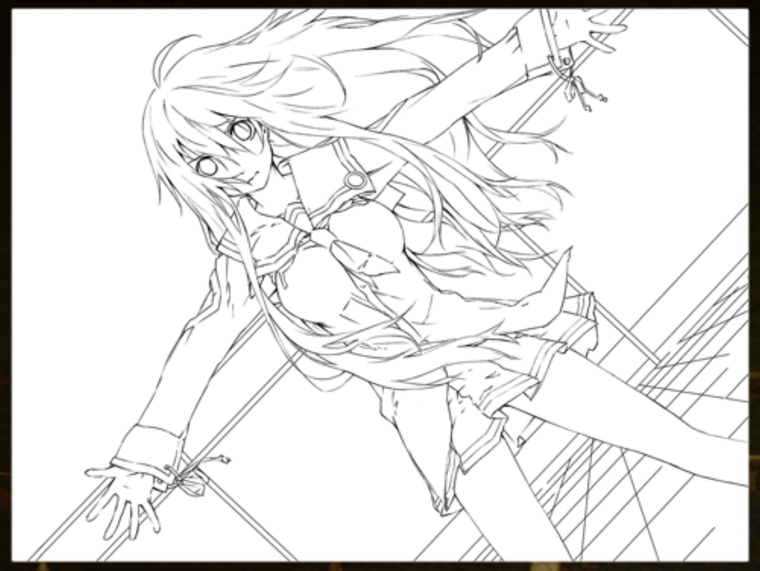
Line Draw



"Hey, Ren. Let's fight together."

As Ren became flustered, Marie turned to glare at Eleonore.
Ren's touch — both gentle and firm — made her all the more assured that she didn't want him to be scorched and turned into ash.
She couldn't allow that, no matter the cost. Marie made the angriest face she could muster and glared straight at the crimson woman.

"Stop beating up my man!
I won't let anyone have him!"

Line Draw

Line Draw

"The fuck was that? My balls just shrunk."

Shirou cleared the bridge in the blink of an eye and spoke up once he'd confirmed that no one was following us.

"No, seriously, I think I wet myself a little."

I was over here wallowing in shame and depression, yet this guy...

"Actually, me too..."

Line Draw

"I'll do anything I can to help you.
I can bear anything you give me."

Her words both surprised and perplexed him.

Hey, Marie...

Suddenly, Ren took her into his arms.

Line Draw

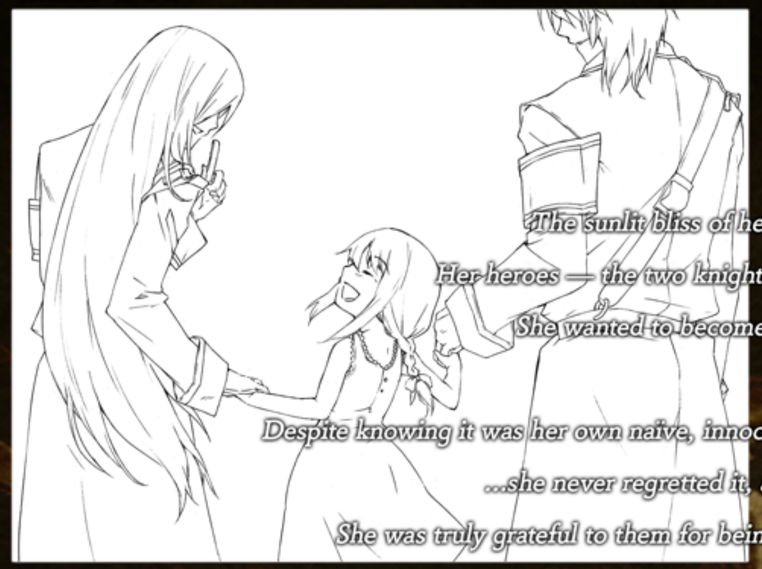
"Oh?"
"Oh my."
"W-Why are you staring at me like that?"
"That's love for you. She looks at him a lot."

A strange, warm, peaceful everyday...
A life where one could find both bliss and woe in things as trifling as love, learning, and club activities.

However...

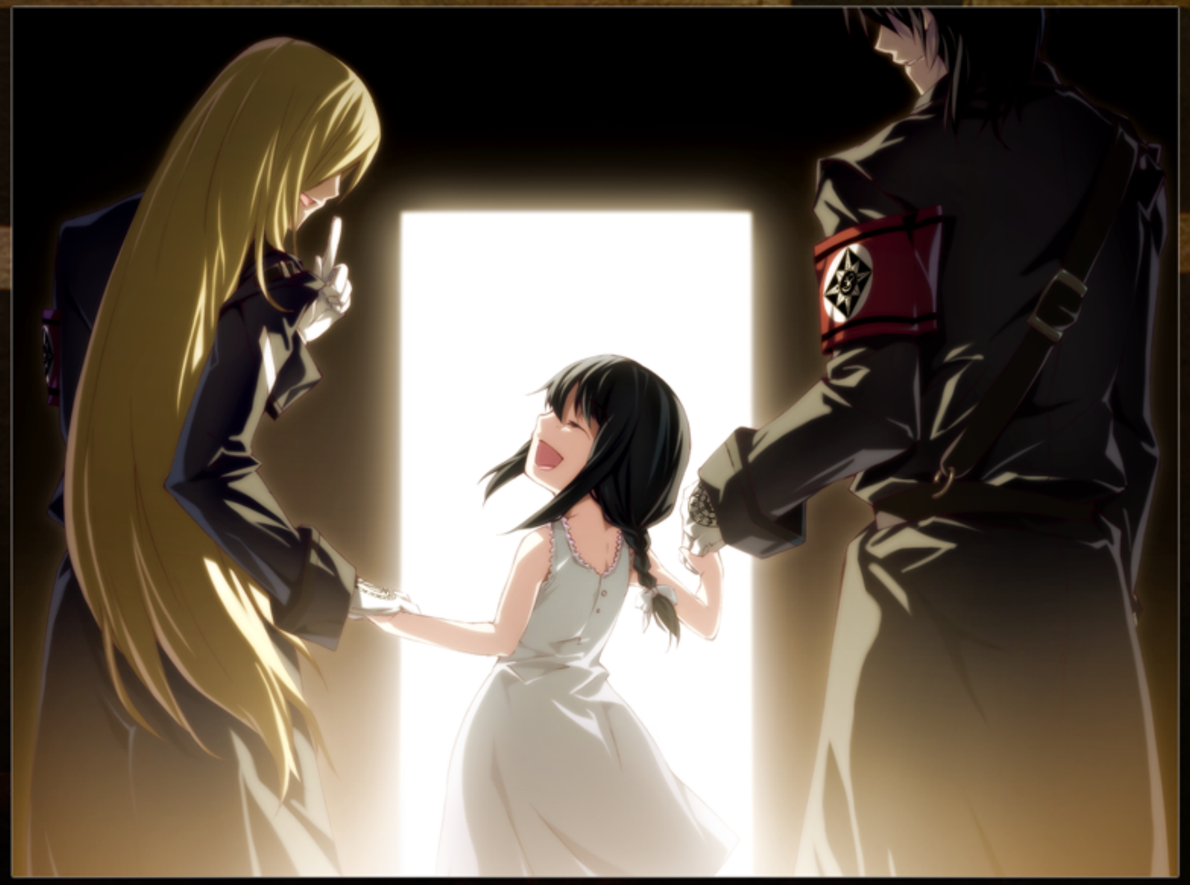
Event CG *Event graphic*

Line Draw



The sunlit bliss of her younger days returned to her mind.
Her heroes — the two knights who received all her love and trust.
She wanted to become like them — powerful and dazzling.

Despite knowing it was her own naive, innocent wish that brought about all this...
...she never regretted it, and felt proud enough to thank them.
She was truly grateful to them for being her heroes right until the very end.



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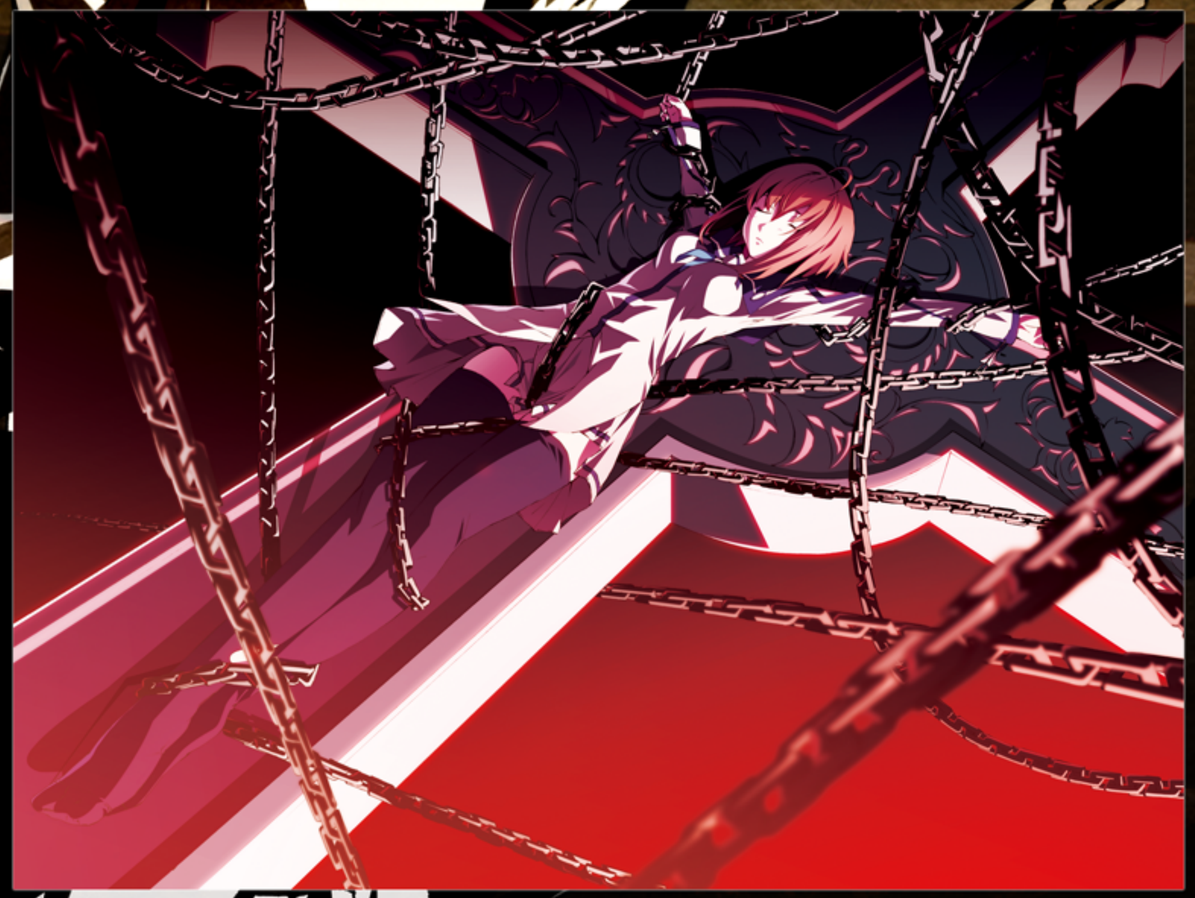
Event CG *Event graphic*

Line Draw

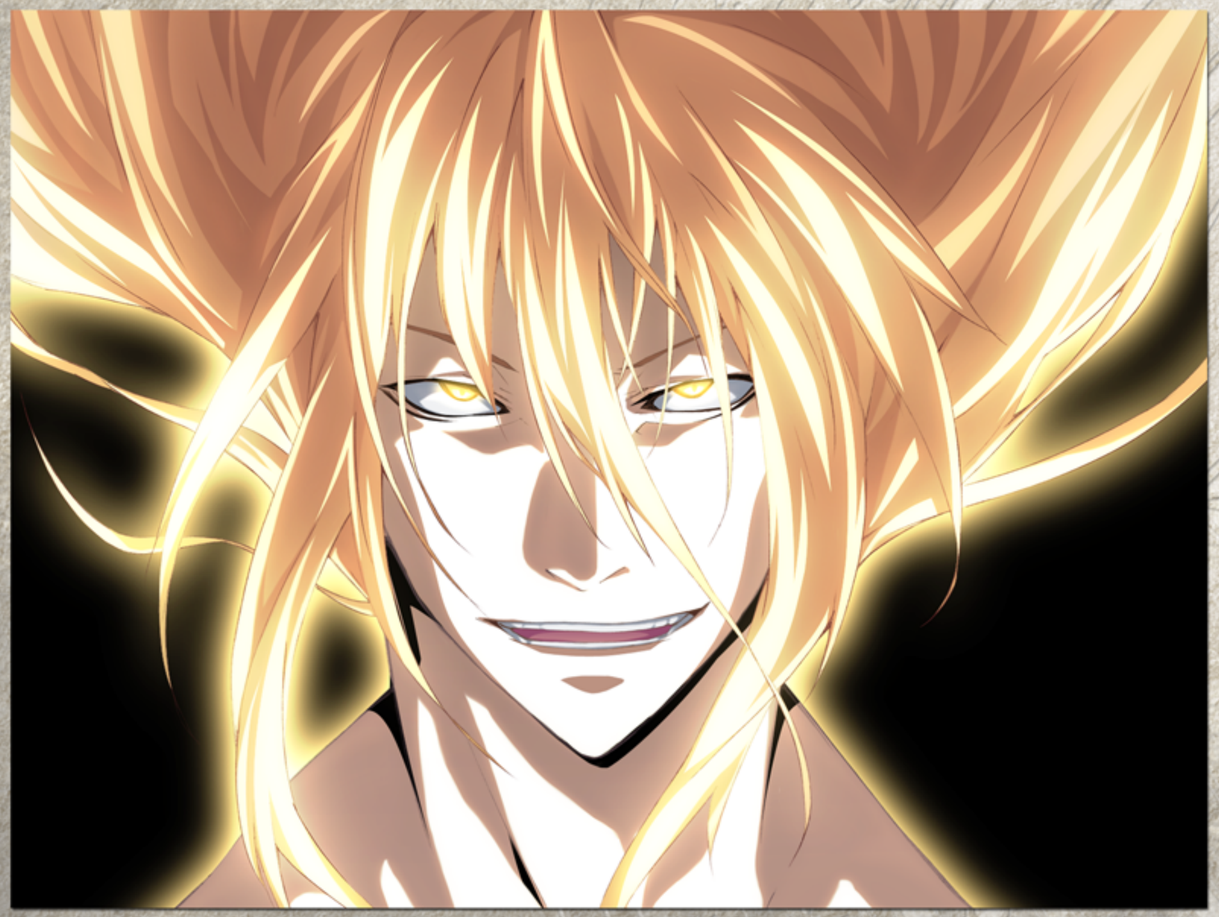
Line Draw



Line Draw

"May it all whirl within me."

His Creation Figment engulfed the whole city, detaching it from the outer world.
Not a single outsider noticed that abnormality.
After all, this land was the final battleground of the feast before the eight's opening would make that massacrous nether realm emanate onto the boundless cosmos.



"They just died! They all died so easily!
What am I, then!?
What am I if I don't die no matter how many times they kill me!?"

The maddened Albedo showed no sign of stopping.
Like a ray of light diffusing throughout the area, he soared across the skies while delivering blows to Shirou in midair.
More than four seconds had passed, but he didn't fall — his opponent didn't let him.
Little by little, he was being scraped, clawed, and bitten.
The attacks would continue until there was no more flesh to be torn from his body.
Thus, Shirou had to put up some form of resistance.

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Line Draw

"Ah, I have understood. Indeed I have.
You tell the truth, without a shred of falsity to taint it.
Very well. I know there is nothing false about you.
Very well. Have his words reached your ears,
my Lord and Master?"

"N-N-N-No, it would be, um..."

Why was she getting flustered at this point?
Well, I mean, it was cute in its own right, so I ended up placing my hand on her face, brought her lips closer to mine, and...

Line Draw

"Come, then, Krafft's spawn.

My Loge will now test the sharpness of the blade dedicated to Lord Heydrich.

If I find it dull, know that even your bones will crumble to ash."

Line Draw

"Do you have a guy you like, Kei?"

The girl never even thought of such things.

"Did you decide on what you'll do in the future?"

The unknown beyond the road she walked was too thick for her to even imagine an answer to that.

Line Draw

"...but being such a clueless maiden at your age is far more pathetic!"

The scorching artillery fire approached with no hint of stopping. Even in Kei's current state, taking it head-on could easily wipe her from existence.
Thus, with her speed having reached new heights, she continued dodging it.

Line Draw

Her eyes, like a pair of daggers, pierced Beatrice.
Eleonore's wry smile contorted in contempt
as her pupils lit ablaze in demonic fervor.

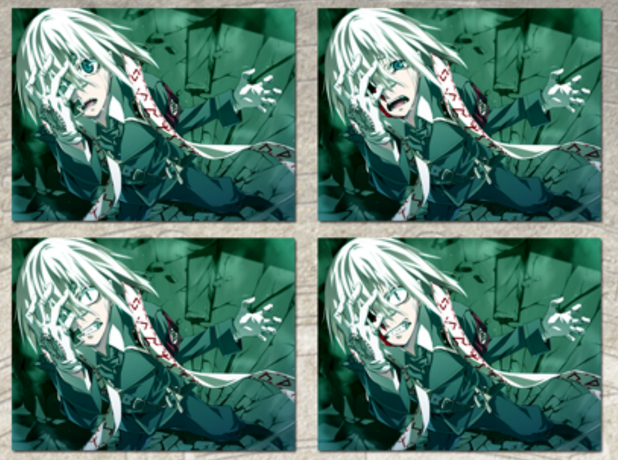
"You uttered two things you never should have."

Line Draw

"I will complete my desire by my own hand.
I don't need anyone's help."

Thus, he couldn't allow himself to be defeated here.
And if his opponent would ignore that...
If Ren could inherit his Völsunga Saga…

Line Draw



"I'm not part of the same species as them!"

Schreiber reenacted the moment in which he died as a person.
He had long since forgotten, but it was always with me.
The event was simply far too haunting.

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The mood lightened in mere seconds.
These damn idiots were actually cheering.

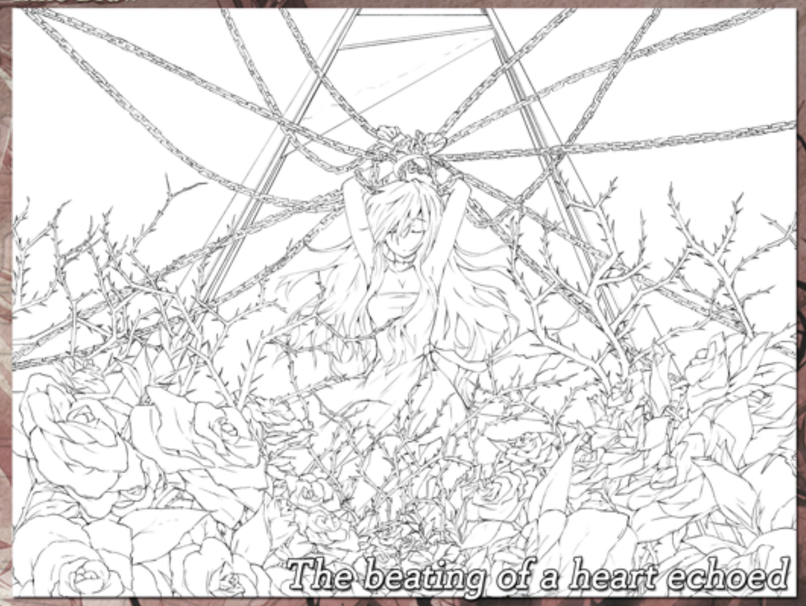
"Yaay."

Line Draw

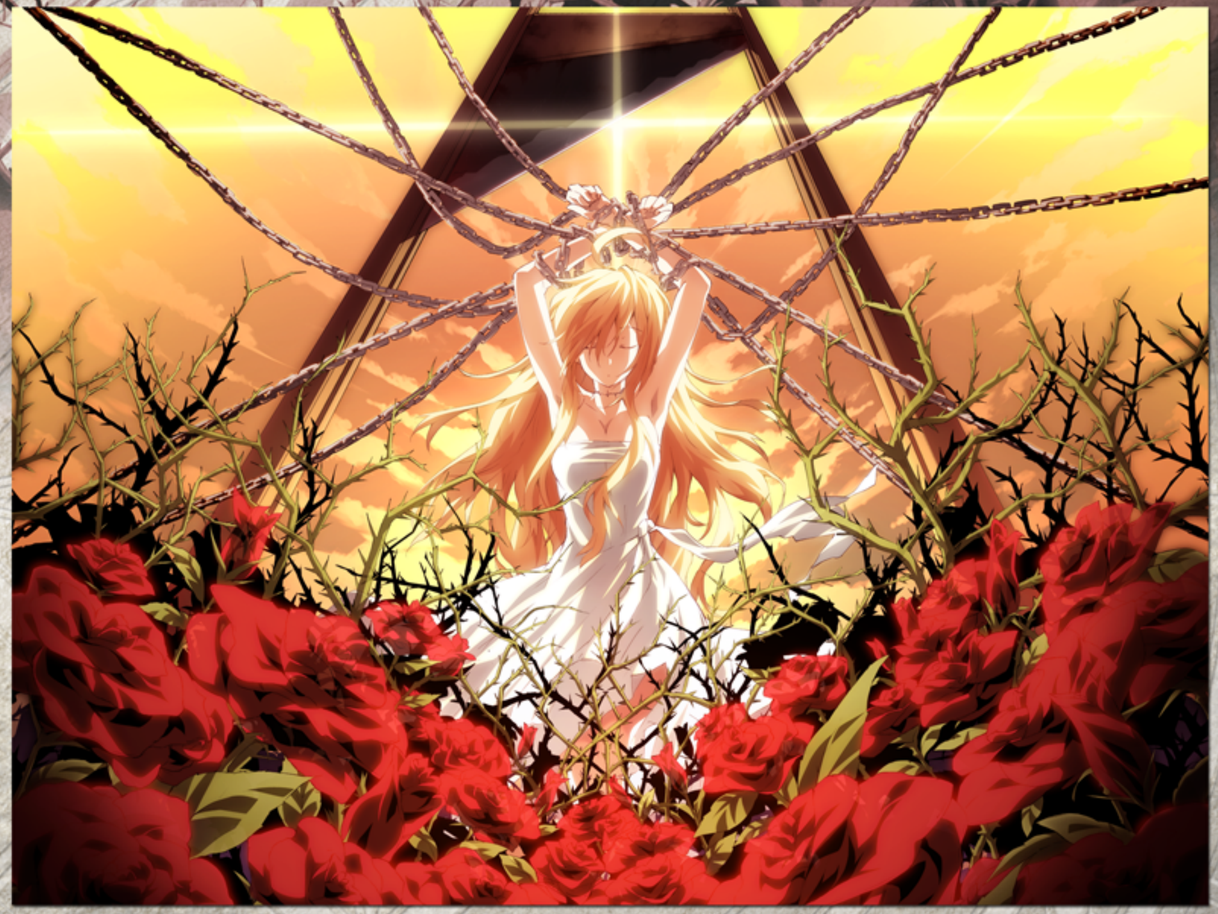
"... was up with... erious..."
"How dare he say I stink... That's not true...
I don't stink... do I...?"
"What's wrong with that guy...? Seriously.."
...
...

"Well?"

Line Draw



The beating of a heart echoed
across the now still chamber of the Obsidian Round Table.
It did not belong to a human.



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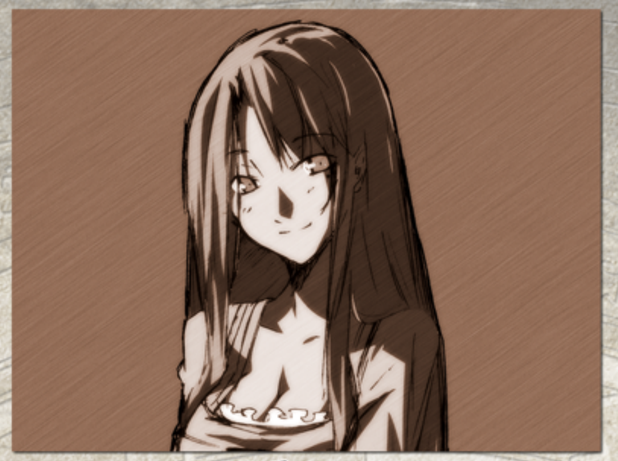
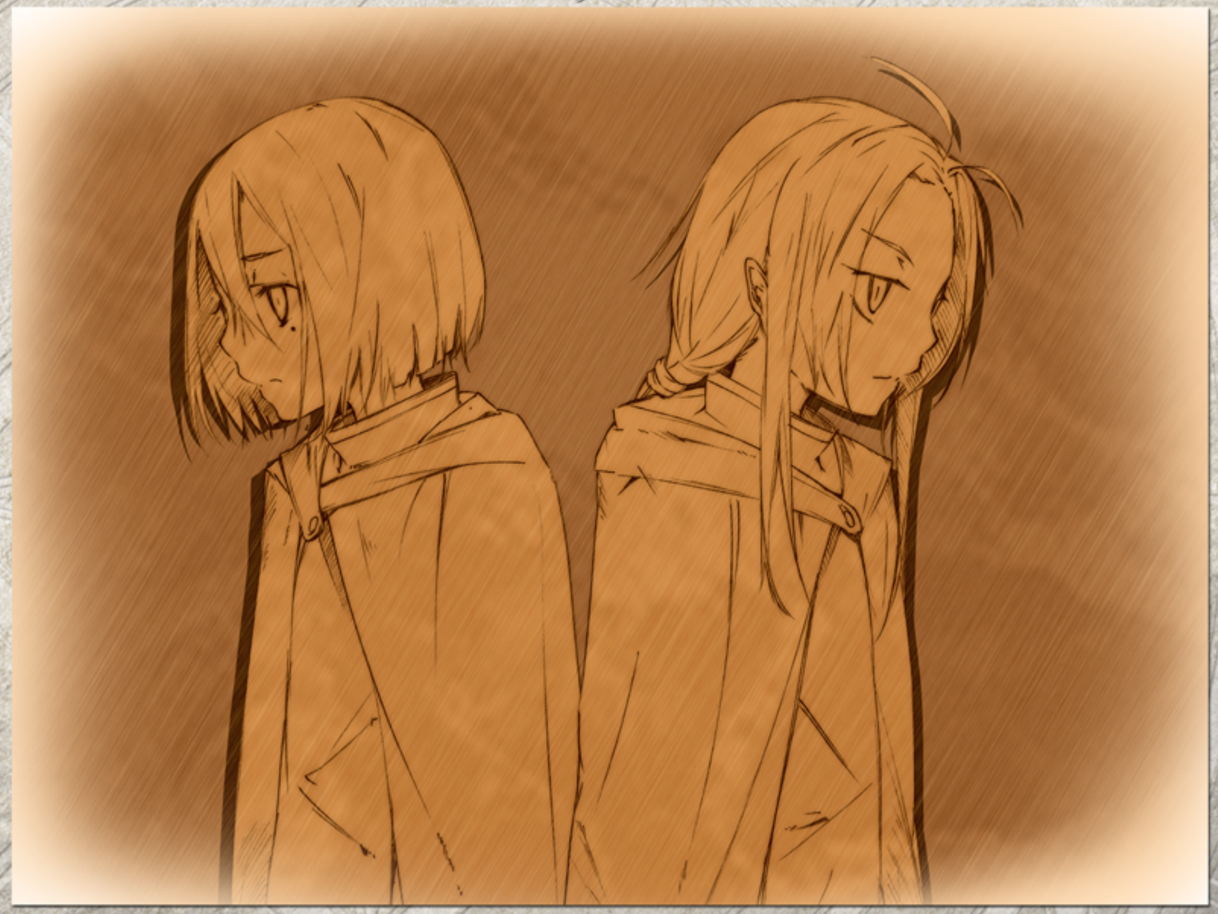
"The true sun has been born, so let's all gather there."



Line Draw

The voices were saying something... something ominous.
That childlike innocence was mixed with a malice that gave me the chills.
It felt like I was having some sort of daydream...
Through my blurry vision, I never made out
the man surrounded by thousands of infants in the distance.



Line Draw

Line Draw

I felt so pathetic. I wanted to crawl into a hole and die.
And yet at the very same moment, I was...

"I'm so glad you're alive..."

"I did my best. I did everything I could...
I put my life — everything I had — on the line."

Line Draw

All she ever wanted was to enjoy days of peace with the two she held dear.
She wanted nothing to do with war. She didn't wish to become a wraith fueled by strife.
If she alone was cursed to shoulder that fate, it would still be fine. But to condemn those two as well...
To force him to do battle for an eternity, even in death.

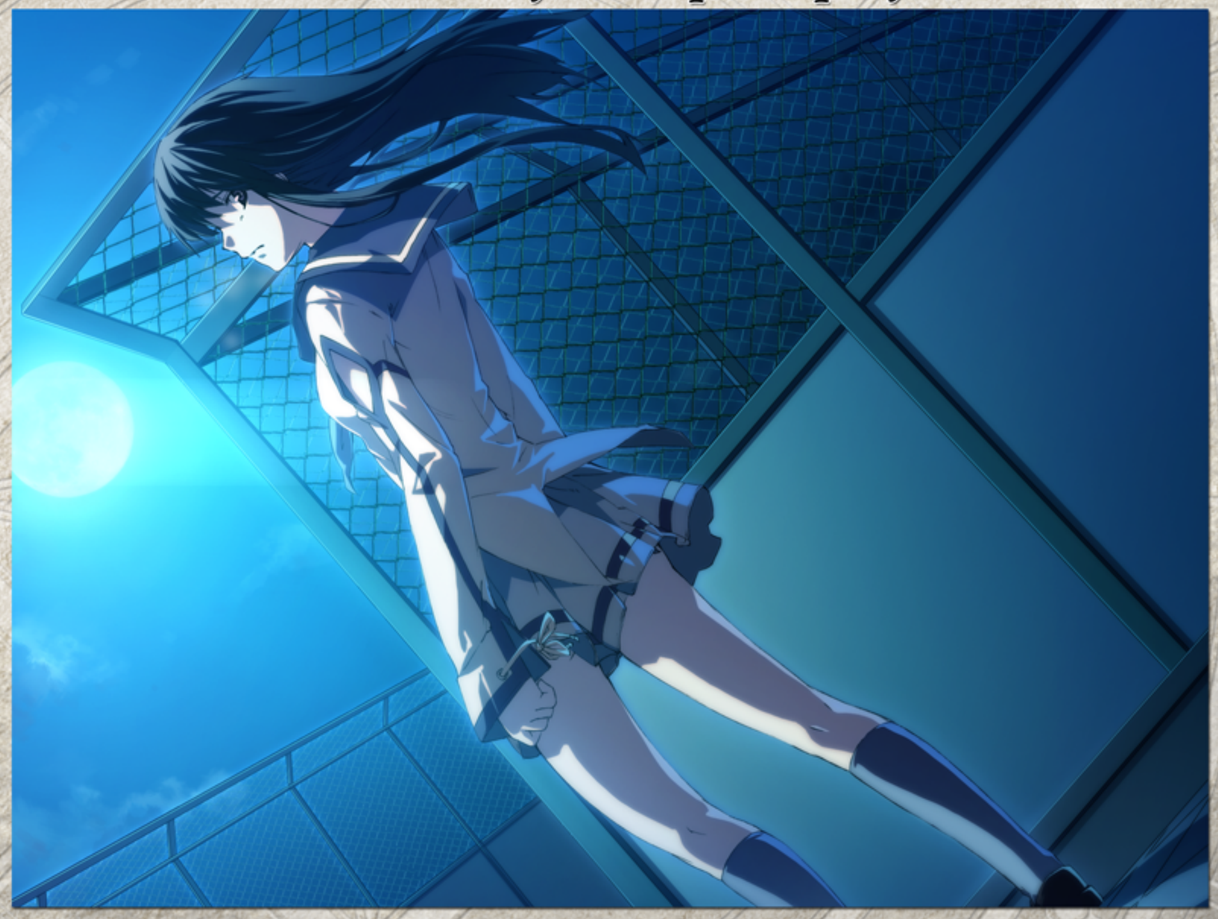
"I knew you wouldn't want it.
That you'd come to hate it."

"You're wearing thin, Sakurai."

Line Draw

Hardened and sharpened to the limit, yet brittle and incredibly easy to break due to the lack of a sturdy core.
Kei Sakurai — a razor blade made of glass.

"You're not exactly in top shape yourself."

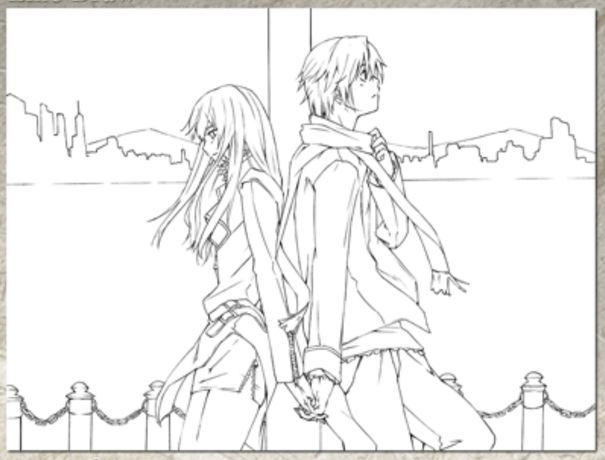


Line Draw

"Doing things like this with someone you like."
"Then making fun of him for being surprised."
"You're not what I'd describe as a perfect candidate for the role, but..."

Her lips — that had been pressing against mine until a moment ago — curled into a smile.

Line Draw



We still had our backs to each other, with the street lamp separating us — only our hands were joined.
I felt the whole thing illustrated the clumsiness of our relationship with staggering precision.

"Permit me two things, at least.
One: let me accompany you tonight..."

Line Draw

"So long, Your Eminence the Divine Vessel.
No longer shall you lead others astray."

The tip of the valkyrie's blade slipped through the chink in his armor
like a crafty needle, exploding in purple lightning.
The impregnable vessel of the gods began to crumble.

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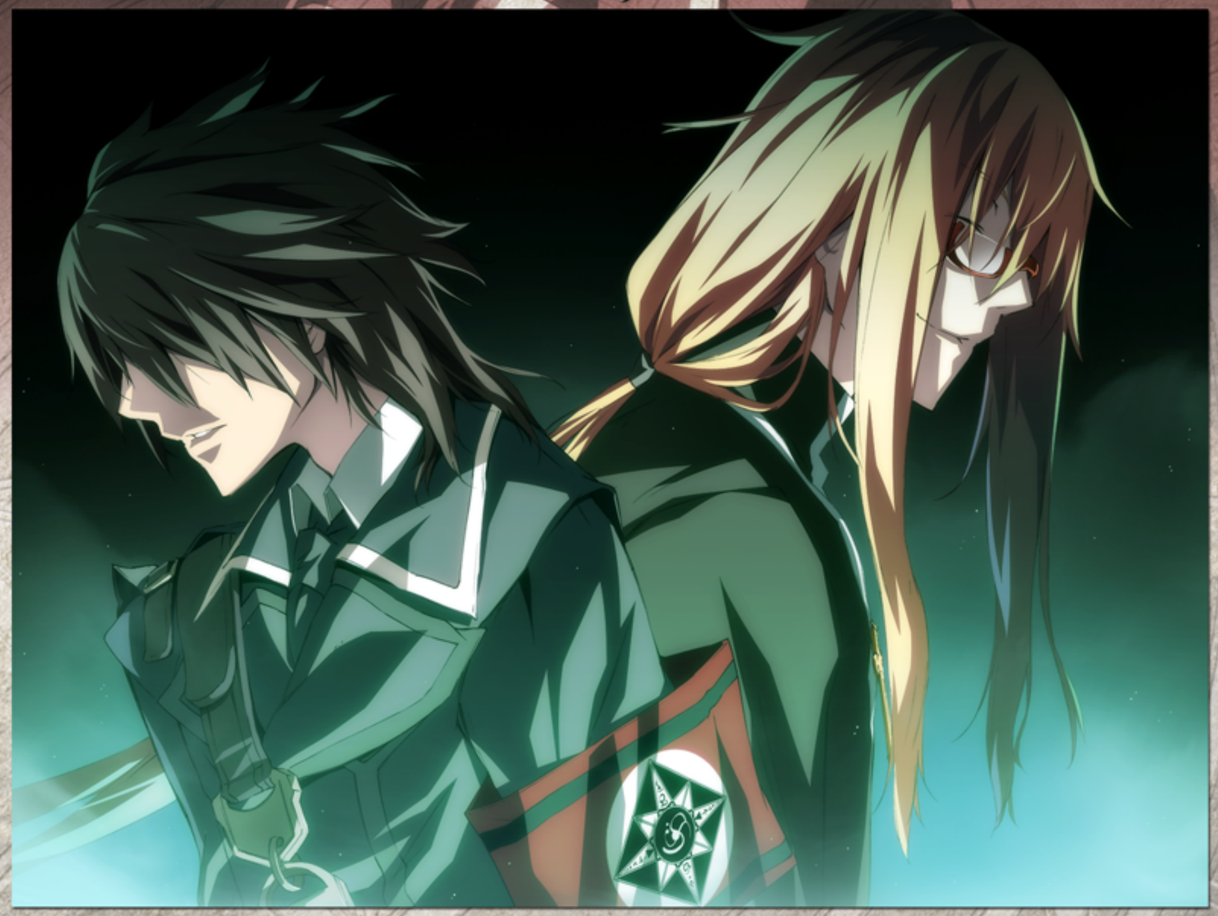
Line Draw

If he could continue and endure in this form,
his sister would never have to take his place.
As long as it guaranteed her a life of happiness,
he cared not what befell him.

"However, she desires for you to be saved as well."



Line Draw

"It truly has, Lord Heydrich."

Three people stood at the far end of the chapel, right in front of the altar.
A thoroughly astonished Sakurai, and a man I would never forget:
Reinhard Heydrich, the head of the Obsidian Round Table.

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Line Draw

"Borne of loyalty, your will I once defied"

"ihm innig vertraut-trotzt'ich deinem Gebot."

Back in the day, she weaved those words as if predicting the future
— was it premonition guiding her back then, or foreknowledge?

Line Draw

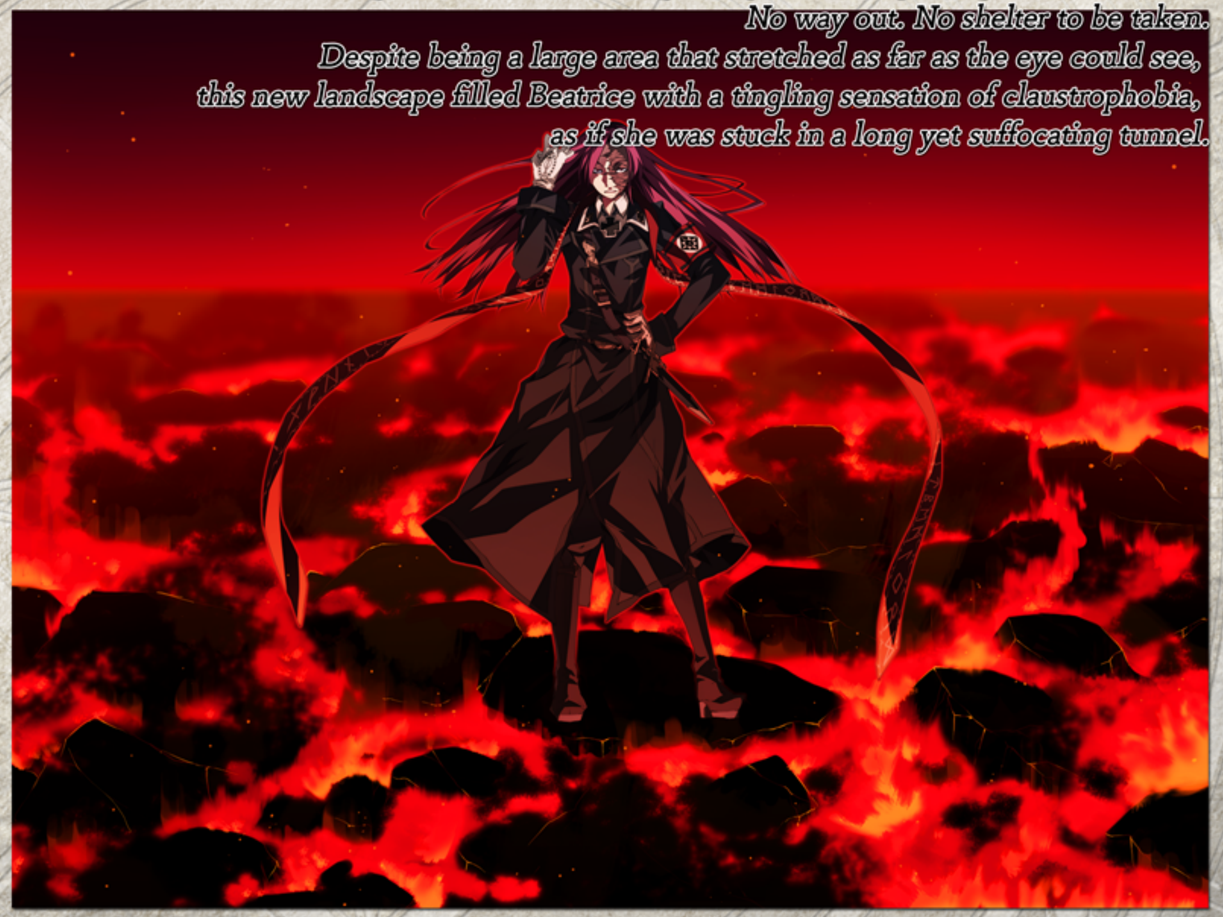
"I chased and chased and chased..."

How far would she take her? What would she show her next?
Would she, in time, become a better subordinate? A person closer to the ideal she represented?
And would she eventually grant her words of praise? She toyed with such ideas like a maiden struck by Cupid's arrow.
And yet—

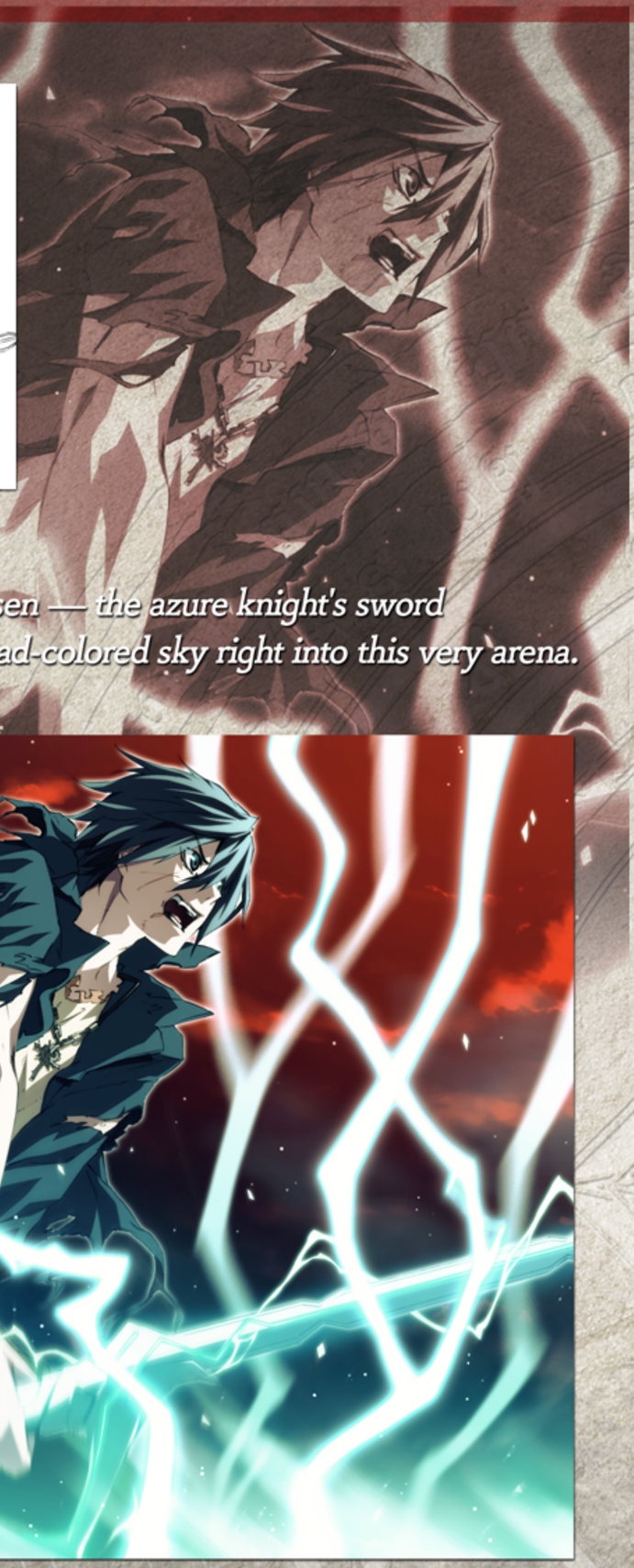
Line Draw

"Muspellsheim Lævateinn!"

The castle walls gave way for molten crust
— the two were transported to a land of simmering crimson.
Beatrice felt like she'd been transported into a furnace, feeling the heat of matter melting in the flames, turning to vapor, and dispersing into heat waves.
No way out. No shelter to be taken.
Despite being a large area that stretched as far as the eye could see, this new landscape filled Beatrice with a tingling sensation of claustrophobia, as if she was stuck in a long yet suffocating tunnel.

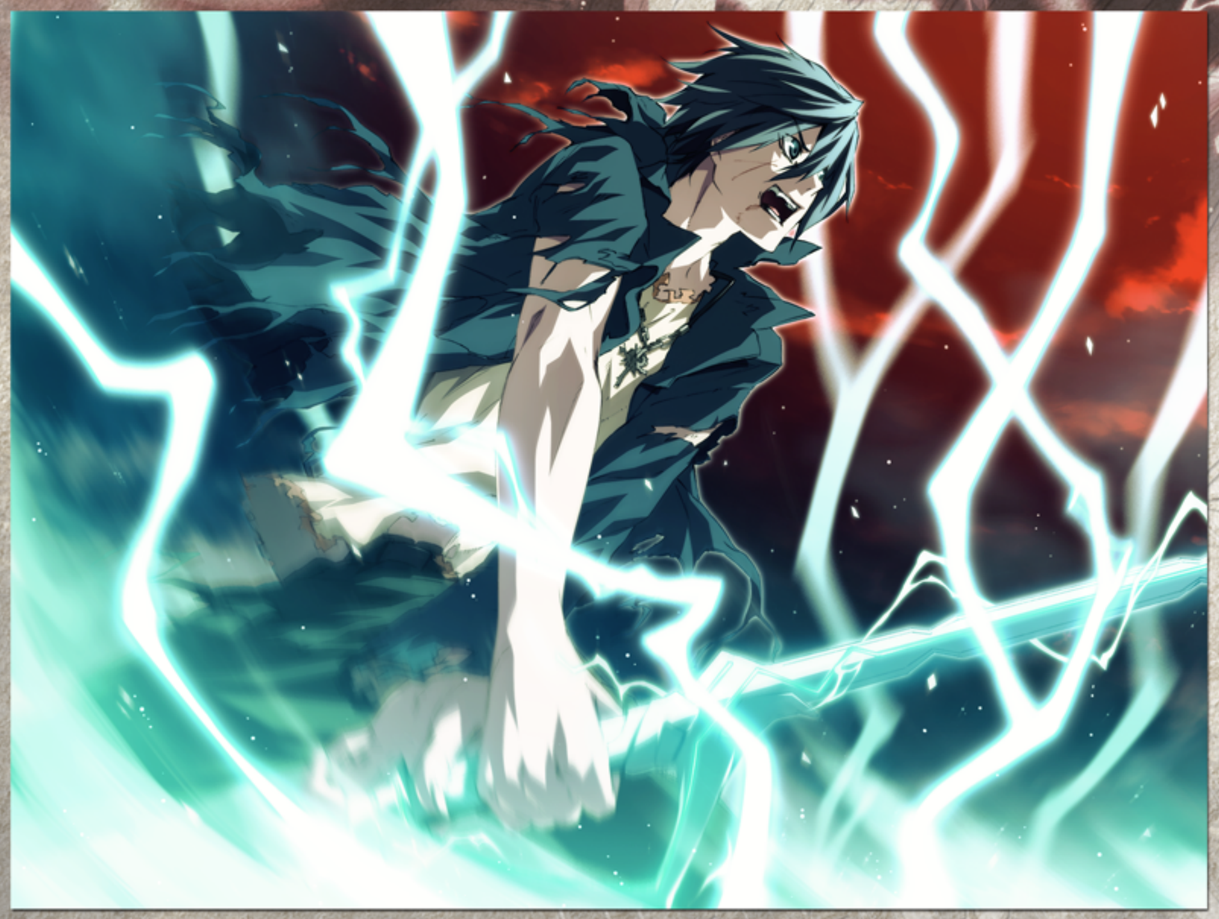


Line Draw



"Valkyria?"

The Ahnenerbe of Beatrice Kircheisen — the azure knight's sword
— suddenly plummeted from the lead-colored sky right into this very arena.
I reacted out of reflex.



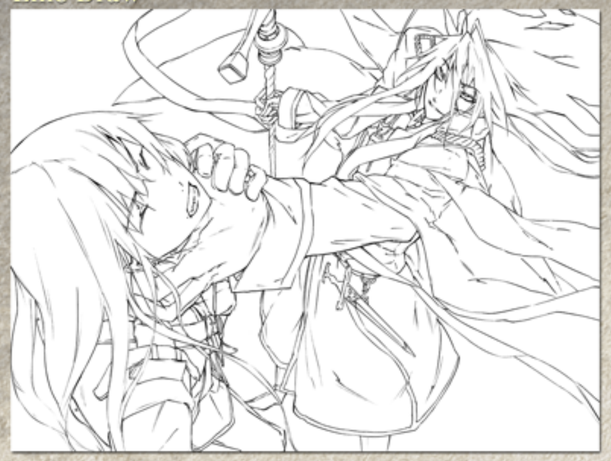
Line Draw

"I am not done yet! My blade has yet to shatter!"

Her soul had yet to perish.
And as long as she drew breath — no matter how little time she had left
— Beatrice would keep on fighting.

"I have learned this from you."

Line Draw



"You still seem to underestimate me.
I recall telling you to unleash your soul's melody."

He caught Sakurai with his left hand as she was propelled into the air from the collision.
He tossed me aside, then pointed his lance at her.

Line Draw

"As we are in the same position as before,
we no longer need this."

With a single twist of the hand,
he crushed the giant Swastika as easily as one would a raw egg.

Line Draw

"Have you gone mad, Karl?"

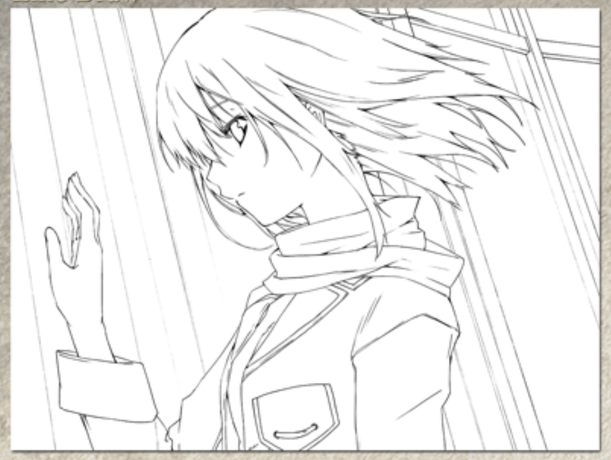
With a blinding golden flash, Reinhard's lance crashed into the ground on which Mercurius had been standing a mere moment before.
The Beast did not hold back — this was no mere jest.
He, in all seriousness, attempted to slay his sworn friend.

Line Draw

"I believe even I could prove a worthy opponent to you in your present state, Lord Heydrich."

The man's face was hidden by the same death mask worn by Tubal Cain.
He would neither greet his sister,
nor reveal his face, but his actions spoke louder than any such superficialities.
He would not allow her to die. He would protect her.
In which case... I, too, had a role to fulfill.

Line Draw



Everything about them was, in the end, underwhelming.
They were smart enough to realize that being together would put them in mortal danger, but — at the same time — not strong enough to remain with each other after realizing that fact.
Having the courage to throw away everything and run would have still been something.

Line Draw

"I am a very dangerous woman, you see."

Himuro dispelled the illusion with a grim smile.

"No one gains anything by allowing me to live; my very existence is a hindrance to the world."

Line Draw

"You thought to stop me?
Meaningless. I possess no life for you to stop."

"And in the gauntlet of malice of all places...
You would need at least another two hundred
thousand souls to halt me."

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Line Draw

"I was scared to be left behind!
I can't stand everyone getting ahead!"

"And since I couldn't catch up to anyone,
I figured I'd just stop them instead.
Got a problem with that?!"

Line Draw

"Is a woman that knows not the touch of a man
nothing more than a pathetic creature in your minds?
There are as many mindsets and ways of life
as there are people."

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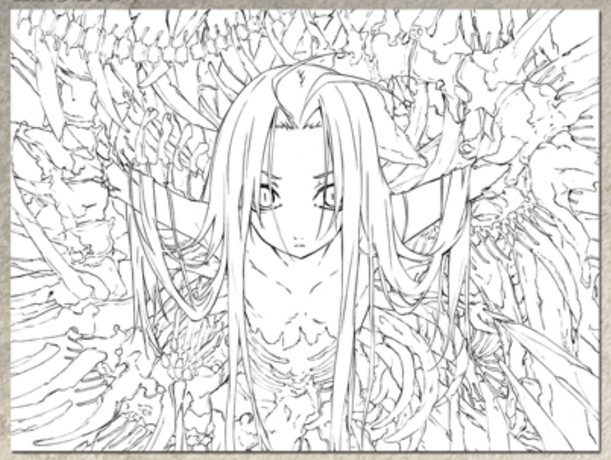
Line Draw

"So please... I beg you, stop hurting yourself.
I care about nothing else as long as you..."

Line Draw



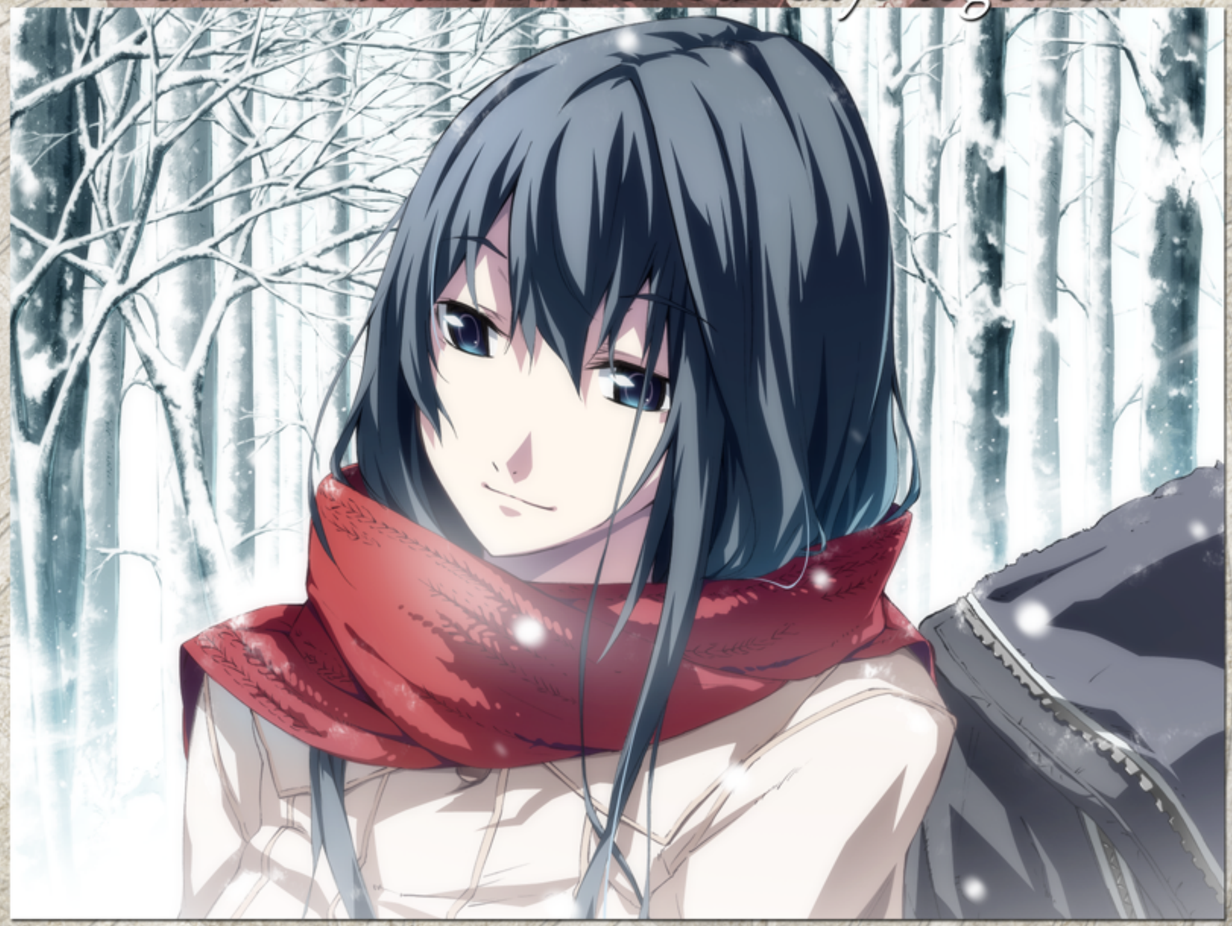
"Do you hate me?"

...then that made him unworthy of the title of Sonnenkind,
the most beloved of the Gold's children.

"May you know Hell, Theresia."

Line Draw

"Let's beat them, Sakurai.
And live out the rest of our days together."



"Yeah. That would be nice.

Looking back on things later, I would be able to say that this was where it had all begun.
Does my present live up to your expectations, Zarathustra?
And thus we met, brought together by "him".

A decapitation scar ran across my neck
— the very same mark of the guillotine that the girl had.
Seemed like I'd have to cover it with a scarf for a little while...
"If you want to use me, go right ahead.
Just know that I plan to do the same."

"Why don't you join us?"

The silver girl stuck a hand out to Rea,
her broad smile and innocent tone reassuring her that more fun was waiting ahead.
To Rea, however, something felt out of place.
Yet she couldn't quite explain what.

LINE DRAWING

LINE DRAWING

"—we keep dying over and over again."

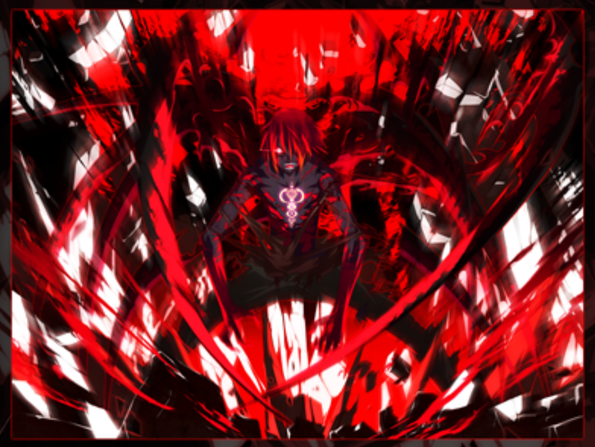
Memories, emotions, and pain surged into Rea like a muddy stream.
Pain. Pain. Pain. Pain—
None of those children resented anyone, but the priest abhorred himself.
He could not forgive his own being. He wished to abolish his very existence.
That is why he yearned to be reborn.
And that craving shackled the children to the castle.

"Hgyaaaaahhhh...!!"

The piercing howl of a maddened beast shook walls, floor, and ceiling alike,
shattering the hell of a thousand souls, leaving naught but dust and ashes in its wake.

Drowning the screams of the crushed skeletons, the deepest layer of ultimate netherworlds
— the interminable hell of Avichi — began its advance.

LINE DRAWING



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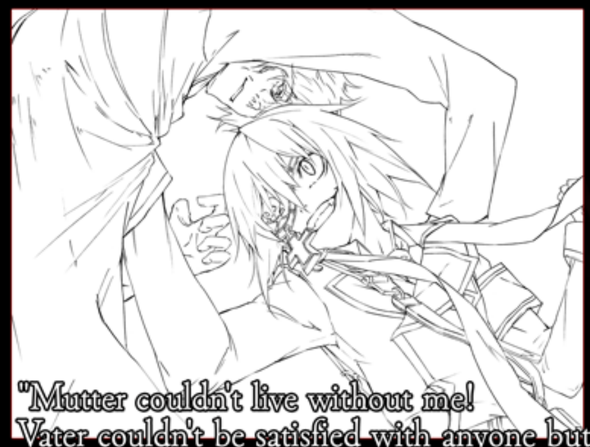
LINE DRAWING



"Mutter couldn't live without me!
Vater couldn't be satisfied with anyone but me!
They needed me! I was irreplaceable!
They loved me. Loved me! Loved me!! So don't lie to me!!!"

A choked growl. A tearful shriek. A storm caused by Schreiber's howling assaulted Trifa,
yet he continued his sermon unstifled.
He had lost enough blood to kill an average man, and his vision had grown blurry,
yet he remained calm, and mercilessly—

"Then why did you kill your parents?"

He craved for a world where no one could touch him — it would fall apart the moment someone did, which meant that Schreiber should have been exceedingly vulnerable in his mad dash.
As the collapse of one's craving equaled death, logic dictated that a mere touch would put an end to the beast.
However, the number of times he hit Marie had left his own limbs in ruins, spurting blood in all angles.

"Ich bin noch jung, geh, Lieber!"

LINE DRAWING

LINE DRAWING

"Oh dear, pardon my manners. I have spent all this time talking about myself. How embarrassing. It has been so long since I had guests; and his friends, no less. Um..."
"Name's Shirou Yusa. How about you?"

He answered the woman's stagnant eyes — murky as congealed blood — while taking a step back.
But she did not mind.

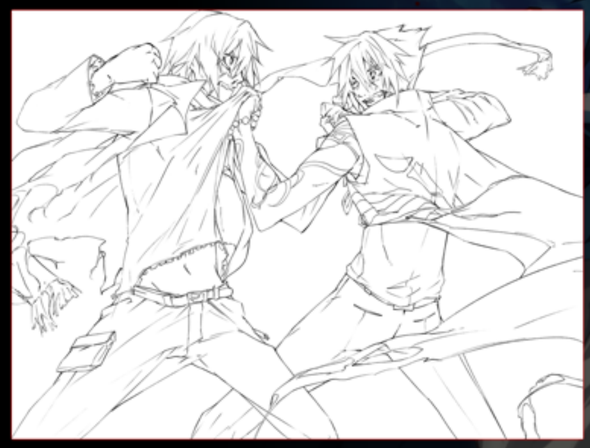
"Helga. My name is Helga Ehrenburg.
Pleased to meet you, my dear guests."

"Name yourself. Who are you? What are you?
It's important, you know, so go ahead and spill it, Schreiber!"

Remember.
Who you are. And who I am.
What did we struggle to attain? What did we admire? What did we pride ourselves over?
What was the glory you'd be shredded to pieces for...!

LINE DRAWING

LINE DRAWING



"What's wrong with trusting you?!
You can do everything, you self-proclaimed hero!"
"Who you callin' self-proclaimed here, you damn comic relief...?!"

Waves of seething emotions kept surging to the surface from both of them.
They exchanged a series of heavy punches for what must've been the hundredth time.

"Tell me... Why do I perceive a certain discontent in your eyes?"

His words spoke not of his choice, instead voicing a question.
The prisoner regarded Reinhard with the eyes of a curious child.
"What...?"
It was if the man's words had pricked something in Reinhard's heart.

Line drawing

His nature? The furtive puddle of his frustrations?
He did not know. He could not.
He felt nothing of the sort. He narrowed his eyes,
unable to find the words to address the other man with.

Karl Krafft, observing Reinhard's momentary confusion,
made an exaggerated gesture of mock consternation.
He cast his gaze downward, resembling an actor in the
scene of a great tragedy.

As if deeply tormented by something.
A display that precipitated anger and irritation rather
than empathy, yet the other man's obsidian eyes of the
deep sea still pierced Reinhard with absolute sincerity.

Line drawing

Unbearable pain assaulted him, followed by the remainder of his blood gushing forth from his mouth.
The scythe of the Grim Reaper gave off an icy gleam, as if portending death.

"Open your eyes and look at it all. I will present you with equality.
I will turn the words you uttered into reality."

The demon urged him to burn the scene into his memory.

"I... am your death."

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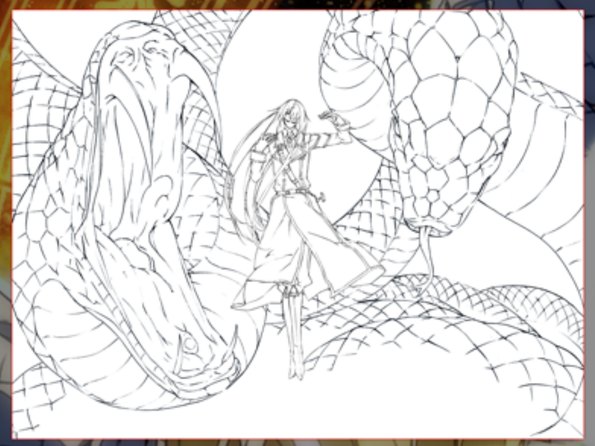
LINE DRAWING



Even if he had repeated the world countless times, he would never have attained this without Heydrich.
He could not bleed without him there to pierce his chest with the apotheosis of emotion.
He would never forget his friendship.
Whatever may happen to the Throne itself, Mercurius would lock the memory of his sworn friend deep inside his heart, and would not allow anyone to tarnish it.

"You must perish! Only I shall emerge as the victor!
May your corpse be the cornerstone for the world of the Goddess!"

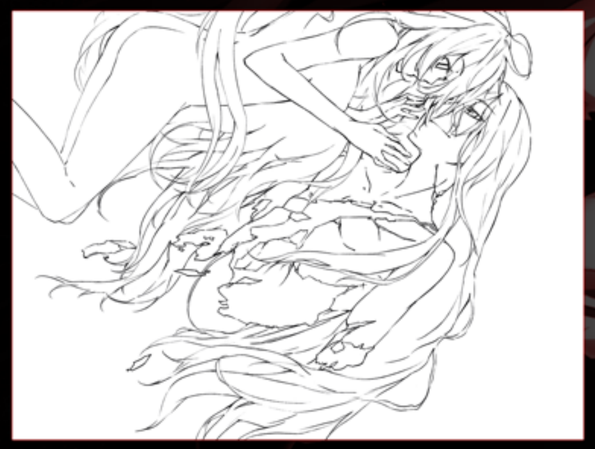
"Grant me the unknown"
"Acta est Fabula――――"

"Forgive me, my beloved Goddess. Next time, I promise..."
But as his eyelids began to close...

"Just so you can toy with our lives again?"

...he heard the voice of a girl.
"Cagliostro."
That one word made the emanating man's body retain its shape.

LINE DRAWING



LINE DRAWING

"Enough with the jests. Know your place, for the one to fall here shall be you!"

He wished for this. He had craved it for eons.
What was his origin? The absence of an apprehensible end had driven him insane.
And it was Heydrich who invoked a time limit to his eternity. For that — despite the other's insolence — the Serpent felt earnest gratitude towards the Beast.
Such foolishness. Despair beyond imagination. The overwhelming self-hatred welling in his chest threatened to ravage the very stars as its reached its peak.

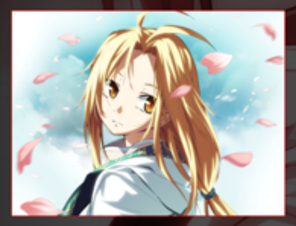
"I now feel alive!"

It seemed almost impossible to perceive, yet what happened next was definitely not a mere figment of our imaginations.

"I hated neither Johann nor Mother. I loved them both."
"They were my family, after all."

A faint, somewhat bashful smile graced his lips.
So ephemeral it seemed to almost melt into the rose-tinted air like freshly fallen snow.

LINE DRAWING



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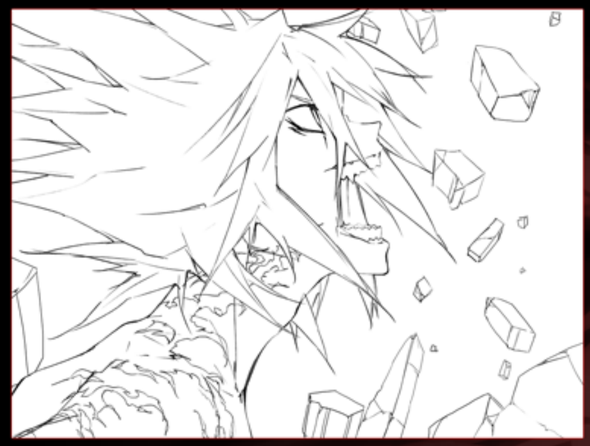
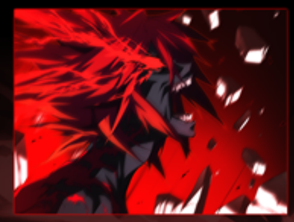




"Hi... muro..."

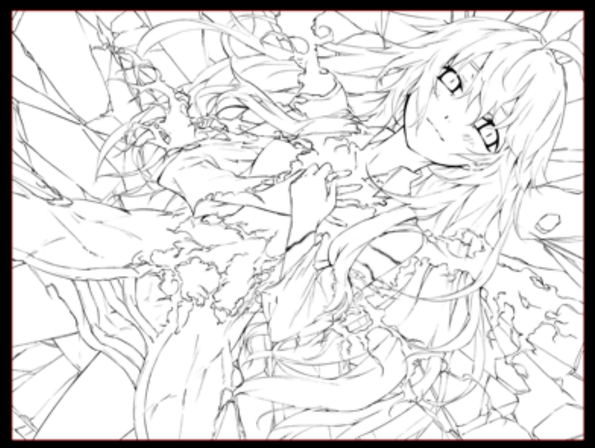
I finally remembered what had been the most important right now.
I couldn't allow her life to fall prey to our vanity.
For such was my nature — I could do nothing about it.
There was but one thing I had to concentrate on right now. And now was precisely my greatest chance—
So—

"If I lacked the strength to catch up to it, I thought I could at least stop it in place."

There once was a person who taught me about the sanctity of the ephemeral.
But I could no longer remember who it was.
The last memories I hoped to keep unchanged began to wither and fade.

"Wait...! Don't leave me behind...!"

Line drawing



Line drawing

"We all live in the real world. And while life gives us plenty to cherish, it offers its fair share of misfortune just the same; we march on, hungering after dreams we keep locked up in our hearts, forever unfulfilled."

The transience of the here and now, that fleeting moment I so adored — I would long to make its miracle eternal. A childish notion, true, but one I could not discard; rather, knowing it was a dream never to be fulfilled, my thirst for it refused to ever fade.
And so we lived, ever discontent, haunted by doubts, frail on our feet...

"But isn't that exactly what makes us human?"

I was content to be such a man.

"Our lives are but petals in the wind;
moments lost in the annals of time.
No matter how fiercely we struggle to make it ours,
eternity will always elude us."

LINE DRAWING

"Swear it to me. Swear that it won't happen again."
"I'm not letting you get away. I'm going to keep holding on to you forever."
"So please don't let me go..."

With each passing minute, the hour of judgment drew closer.
There was no telling how all this would end.

LINE DRAWING

"Find my husband, Lisa."

"Victory belongs to you."

His golden gaze took on an amicable glint as he looked down upon her from above.
Rea was in Ren's embrace mere moments ago — as such, the other man's appearance left her understandably confused.

"Surprised, I take it? You have nothing to fear.
It was none other than he who prepared this moment of respite for us.
I am but a fleeting dream supported by his power, and this shall mark the last time we meet."

In this singular moment, time had come to a halt, like within the frame of a painting.
Even Rea could tell that this power didn't belong to Reinhard.
The Beast embodied destruction, while the Serpent was recurrence.
Neither of them would be capable of giving birth to this kind of moment, had they attained the Throne.

"Let us play poker."

The year 1995. December's snow was gently veiling the city of Budapest as an expected guest entered a room in a hotel which used to be a castle.
Instead of a greeting, however, all she received was an invitation to a card game.
Not only was it far from an appropriate welcome — it was just about ridiculous enough to rid anyone of their words.
With her eyes turning wide and radiating perplexity, the mature female guest was no exception.

Wearing a revealing party dress that matched neither the place nor the season, she herself was certainly quite a curious sort, but she couldn't hold a candle to the one seated on the antique chair: a white-haired girl — her face adorned by a thin smile — and two silent still and servile men at her sides.
With nothing but a slight movement of her eyes, the girl urged the woman to sit before her.

"I believe this to be the best way to answer your questions... or dispel your suspicions.
Whichever you prefer. From what I hear, most laymen need to actually experience something to accept it."

Her voice had little presence, but it was clear and clean to the point of making the listener feel as though it was flowing through their brain.
By appearance alone, she was a girl in the middle of her teens, but her aura was that of an elderly woman.
Her mellow mannerisms made it seem like she was constantly dreaming of something — a feature unique to those who entered maturity while being denied a childhood.
Simply put, the girl was no friend to the ordinary. Some would even liken her to elves inhabiting Alfheim.
She gracefully raised her elegant arm.

The year 1995, December 25th.
It was the day when she came to understand her own fate.

"Khh... hhaagh! Haah, haah, haah..."
The Sonnenkind was still young, and Zarathustra had yet to appear.
Indeed, it was far too early. The girl understood it well.
However, despite — no, exactly because of it...
"Next!"
...she knew better than anyone that she had to start right here and now.
"Impressive.
I assume you are Number V of the Longinus Dreizehn Orden's Obsidian Round Table, First Lieutenant Beatrice Waltrud von Kircheisen.
My name is Alfred Der Vogelweide. I belong to the Eastern Orthodox Church's special division — Doppeladler — and serve as a knight to its Director, Sieglinde Eberwein.
I am here on a mission to deliver the death penalty unto Number III of the Obsidian Table, Valeria Trifa."
"You agreed to assist us with this cause... No change of heart there, I presume?"
"...Yes."

She knew it to be the only way for her to save them — to keep them alive.
Otherwise...

"Let us defeat... the Divine Vessel."

...it would be too late for them.

"How would you feel about going to Kumamoto?"

"Um... Kumamoto...?"

"I was initially taken aback by that inexplicable statement, but then—"

"I told you I'd embrace everyone."

"I felt like a girl I'd seen somewhere smiled at us."

"Are you sure you don't want it to be Oita?"

"I-I think I've seen enough hells for a few lifetimes..."

That was a sentiment we both shared.

"How is it?!"

I clung to what little courage I had in my heart, fighting my very own war.
My biggest foe was my own cowardly self, who used to be so slow she couldn't keep up with anyone, and instead chose to stay behind the wall of false safety.
It was an enemy of unparalleled power. A victory that would be harder-fought than the one at Villers-Bocage.
I didn't want to lose. Besides, this very man was one of the few that came back from that battle alive.

"You're planning to leave again anyway, aren't you? Then..."

I finally caught his hand. I wouldn't be letting go so easily now.

"Th-There's no way an average man like you can keep coming back from battles like this!
So I thought it'd be too miserable if you ended up dying without ever...
A-Anyway, better be grateful for this, all right?!"

"..."

"At least say you're happy!!"

I punched his chest, trying to divert my attention from the beating of my heart and the sudden urge to flee.
It was the first time I'd touched him like that, but his chest appeared to be much harder than I thought.
I was about to lose my mind.

"Prosit !"

It all happened on December 25 in the year 1939 — a truly once-in-a-lifetime coincidence that brought us all together.

He was a strange man. I remember him uttering to himself that there were other people he wished to meet that night.
I cannot tell if he succeeded, but in the end, that was both the first and last time our group came together like that.

For starters, the two serial killers who seemed to have prompted the event were executed next year by the order of Lieutenant General Heydrich.

Later, in 1941, Valerian Trifa expressed his disapproval of the Holocaust in Bucharest, and disappeared alongside a group of children he rescued from the slaughter.
Rumors emerged that he defected to the United States after the war, but no one could confirm them.
But I believe he chose to dedicate his life to create a brighter future for children, much like what he and Lisa discussed briefly in the pub.

Meanwhile, Lisa became a high ranking official in Lebensborn before giving birth to twin boys in 1942.
After that, she dedicated herself to her family, while also doing everything in her power to protect the institutionalized children from the state's experiments.

However, the strain of her activities led her to develop a heart disease, and she eventually passed away by the end of the war in 1945.
Many mourned her untimely passing, but I believe that the children she protected with her life carried on her will, making sure that her tremendous efforts would reach future generations.
Lisa herself was fairly confident of the fruits of her labor as she confessed to having achieved her life's goal by outliving Eleonore.
She uttered the words with a smile as I visited her during her last days in the hospital.

Those two did not tire of their ceaseless bickering to the very end.
I could only sympathize with Beatrice, who was ever stuck in the middle.
Although, I suppose she found how to enjoy even that aspect of her position.
Like I had already mentioned, we lost Eleonore in 1943's Battle of Prokhorovka, where she died a heroic death fighting the 2nd Tank Corps of the Soviet army.

"You look beautiful..."

"And you're really handsome."

In sickness and in health? In joy and in sorrow? In wealth and poverty? None of these mattered to me.
I was paying no attention to the priest's speech.
All I could see was him. And he, too, would look only at me.
It must've looked a bit silly to a third party, but we couldn't help but exchange these completely obvious vows.

"Honestly, I wouldn't say I'm the most extraordinary man in the world,
but I know I want to share the remainder of my life with you."

"Because you embody the meaning of life more than anyone else I know."

"I feel the same."

"Because no matter what life may throw your way, you never cease to treasure those fleeting moments."

We could stand here and list all the things we loved about each other for hours.
The same applied to the things we hated.

"And that's why I love you."

"I love you, too."

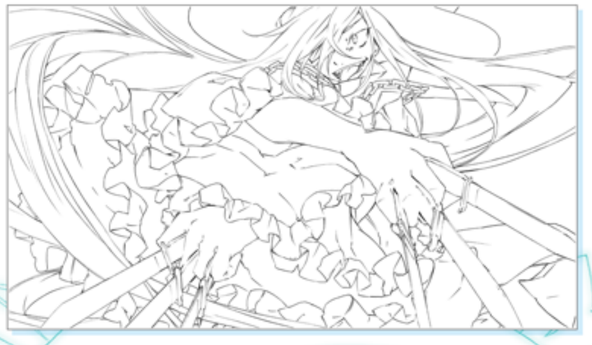
Till death would do us part? No, not even death would be enough.
We'd already left behind our "memento mori".
I could feel something gentle envelop us, conveying a promise of eternal bliss.
She would watch over our happiness.

I could see Lotus in him. And not just in terms of his physical appearance.
I was still alive. I spent my life facing forward, surrounded by light — all in order to meet him one more time.
I didn't want him to look at me as a great-grandmother.
I wanted to think of myself as just another girl who chased after that elusive ephemeral moment of bliss.
And I had finally managed to catch up to it.
That alone was my one and only wish — my true craving.
I felt bad for Rea, but I hoped she wouldn't be angry with a harmless old crone indulging in a daydream.
For this brief moment, my heart would once again be that of a young maiden—

"I'm so happy. This really is a dream come true."

"Ya got some good jokes going on here, freak.
Come closer and I'll kill ya real good."

He threw away the gun, stood up, and silently beckoned her.
The man was clearly mad at himself for relying on something as cowardly as a gun...
...and pissed at the girl for making him look so pitiful.
He couldn't stomach her and was fully intent on making her know that he was the stronger one — the true fanatical, inhuman beast.



"Eheh, eheheheh... This is good. You're pretty great, Mister. You get me going. Can I have your name?"

"I want to remember this night's excitement and occasionally immerse myself in it. So come on, tell me your name! I want to know it!"

"Heh. You uppity little shit."

They both hated those like themselves and had already created a sense of rivalry between each other.
No beast could ever allow itself to lose against another beast.
That was a dignified law — a truth for all who strayed from the path of the virtuous.
Both of them knew that defeat was equal to death.

They bared their fangs and cackled, which was a clear show of their intent to slaughter one another.
They couldn't share an existence under the canopy of heaven. The Reich's capital was too small for two humanoid beasts that claimed to be unmatched.
Both of them knew that instinctually.

"I'll tear you to bits!"

"Cut, pierce, gouge — fill them with pain and fear.
Kircheisen, be advised that being at gunpoint isn't as scary as you might think."

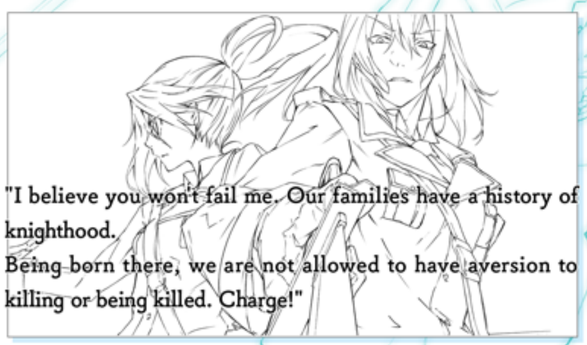
"Understood."

The woman saw her enemies and silently proclaimed she would join the battle.
The cool, brave, and knightly posture invigorated Beatrice so much she forgot her fear.

"I suppose this is your first real battle?"

"Yes, but do not worry about me."

At her superior's side, the girl could fight fearlessly and with no hesitation.
Ever since she took a position at the army, she dedicated her blade to the Fatherland, its people, blood, glory, and victory.



"I believe you won't fail me. Our families have a history of knighthood.
Being born there, we are not allowed to have aversion to killing or being killed. Charge!"

"I am a nobody. And you are?"

"Ah, I-I'm..."
Wilhelm failed to string a proper sentence, as if having forgotten who he was, and only released sounds that seemed both sorrowful and joyous. Soon enough, he came to a certain realization.
The man before him was an infant — a freshly born transcendent who would experience unimaginable growth.
Any who came in contact with his first cry were pulverized, turned into dust, and rendered unable to return to their former selves.
However — for some reason — Wilhelm felt that to be a blessing rather than a curse.

"Do you relish blood? Or do you detest it?"
"Regardless, you must first consider what flows in your veins."

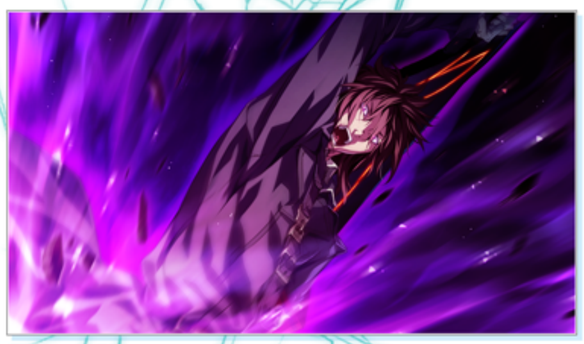
"So that is Reinhard Heydrich..."

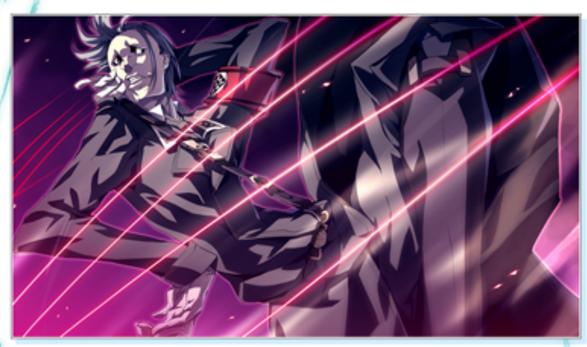
Anna Schwägelin instinctually understood that she never should have met him.
Her fate was sealed just by virtue of being here, and there was no escaping it now.
As if to confirm it, Reinhard Heydrich gave the two soldiers an order.

"Who said that..." "...I won't kill you?"

"Huh?"
"You misunderstand me, Kirisaki. I've said this before — I will never allow Kei and Beatrice to become unhappy."

The giant hunk of metal in his hand — the Wewelsburg Longinus — began to howl, radiating wickedness so atrocious it terrorized Kyouka to the point of speechlessness.
It craved a sacrifice — a soul — like a hungry swarm of locusts. Yet strangely enough, it wasn't directed at Kyouka.
Instead, the accursed lance wanted the soul of the user. The malice encroaching on Kai Sakurai — ***the madness summoning him inside*** — spread and corrupted the very air around them.
However, that was nothing but a drop falling out of a cup. Since the wickedness was directed solely at the user, what Kyouka felt was less than a fragment of it.
But it was more than enough for her to understand just how demonic it was. Just a slight feel of the lingering malice made her feel as though her corpus was about to dissipate. It filled her with dread.
More specifically, she was afraid of Kai as someone able to live while ravaged by something so vile; a person with willpower great enough to let him wield ***that*** as his weapon.
The silence from moments ago was nothing but a build-up. The greater the difference in intensity between relaxed and strained powers, the more destructive it became upon release.
That level of skill was not normal. Though young and inexperienced, Kai Sakurai was a Cain.





"Wow! Bravo! You're such an artist!"

"Oh please, you're making me blush."

With a simple action, a bundle of steel wire expanded like a casting net with Spinne at the center, turning an entire group of enemies into piles of ten or more round slices.
Rusalka gave him honest praise, and though he replied with wit and jest, his eyes were devoid of inattention.

"Now, that aside... I believe it is time to address a certain question."

"Quit this farce!"

Beatrice shook her head while shouting an angered cry.
He spewed all these selfish things, and Beatrice had no idea why she was supposed to just play along.

"Those... Those are my words, Kai!"

Why did he have to pay for ***her*** failure with his life?
Why did she have to be the one to protect and raise Kei?
There was no rhyme or reason to any of that.
She was the one who failed, and Kai was Kei's brother. The roles were completely reversed and unreasonable.
Indeed — Kai Sakurai had no time.
Even so, there was no reason for him to die in vain here.

"Faster...!"

"Faster...!"

Beatrice wished to keep him human.
She begged her blade for strength and hoped it would respond to her soul.

No. Beatrice couldn't agree with that. She was nowhere near a Reaper.
She was a simple woman and a standard fool. A callow girl who couldn't make a single boy reconsider.
But was it really ***that*** grave a sin? As pathetic as she was, did she really deserve hell?
Beatrice wished to know... she wanted someone to tell her if Kai and her had any better courses of action...

"There. You see it, do you not? Can you hear them well? This is the climax of this battle — the scene I wished to bear witness to."

"Everything I did was for this event alone. And I thought of sharing it with you."

As told, Trifa was embracing Sieglinde's frail body. He observed the images flowing out of her and poured more strength into his arms.

"Hmm... I am not sure I understand."

"Are you implying that this means you have won?"

"Yes. This is directly connected to my victory..."

"This is the turning point due to which everything will silently begin to fall apart. As I said, I have foresight."

"With that said, let us hope that our meeting here has been a truly brilliant miracle..."

"And thank the relatively pleasant moment we have now..."

"Remain grateful for the warmth of someone else's embrace..."

"As we appreciate the joy of being able to embrace another..."

"Let us not feel envious of the unreachable, but instead believe that the bliss of peace is never a step too far..."

"...and let ourselves be embraced by the twilight raining down on us at the end of every single day."

"...Well, I ***do*** like shiny things."

I couldn't help but chuckle at his peevish words.
However, I could easily accept the existence of such differences in preference. And exactly because of that, it was easy for me to say...

"Nothing beats being alive. It really is a wonderful thing."
The lens will turn my greatest smile yet into a pleasant memory.
"And now, with respect to the young lady's country, I'll do it the Japanese way."
"Say cheese!"
I had finally come back.
As strange as it sounded, that sentiment felt exceedingly right, and made me feel as though I was enveloped by warm fulfillment.

"I'm back, everyone!"

Souls came and went... The virtuous, the wicked, the joyous, and the unfortunate.
Conflict and war endured as it always had. People couldn't always avoid sorrowful endings.
But every last living creature now had the right and opportunity to become happy.
The gentle Goddess loved all life within her cosmos, smiling down upon them equally.
It wasn't the golden light of voracious destruction, but an all-loving radiance of motherly affection.

"May all your wishes..."
"Amantes, amentes"——
"...find fruition in bliss."
"Omnia vincit Amor"

Not all forms of affection manifested as pure and innocent.
But that was why Marguerite Breuilh believed them to be worth treasuring — as flickers of light illuminating the whole of the cosmos.

She would embrace every craving. Without question. Without hesitation.
As the manifestation of a law only she could enact.

In the end, Marie embraced all three participants of the final battle.
Each of them harbored their very own form of love.

Though some of their desires were ones of utter and thorough madness, they were nonetheless champions without question, able to conquer the very universe, bending it to their will.

While I...

"I'm sorry for being such a nuisance."

He was forced to find a soul that, despite attaining godhood through the infusion of the Serpent's blood, would cast the Throne of the universe aside, striving to remain human against all odds.
Like Ren, who would stress that his craving was not worthy of dominion, despite unleashing his Atziluth.
"I cannot imagine anyone but ***you*** and him possessing a wondrous soul like that."

"There is but one thing I can declare with conviction — that once I perish, your colors too will disperse.
You will not be able to sustain your existences by yourselves.
Which forces me to pose you the question one final time: are your hearts truly content with such an outcome?"

"Of course."

"Not like you'd understand if I explained it."

Anger, resignation, and a tinge of sorrow lingered in the young man's tone.
The Serpent — the master of the Throne — was the only "pureblood" of the three.
As he possessed no human self to speak of, retaining it through the loss of his godhood couldn't have been a concept more alien to him.

"I can't become God. I'm neither fit for the role, nor do I even want that kind of power."

"And I certainly don't want to become a miserable man who's unable to live without relying on it."

"Mm... Thanks. Does it look good on me?"

I spun around to show off the dress, waiting for everyone's reaction.
Honestly, I was too embarrassed to look in the mirror.

"Very much so. It looks great on you, Rea."

"It sure does. And the dress doesn't overshadow you, either. I bet you've got that foreign blood in you to thank."

Sakurai's seemingly composed demeanor was merely for show:
in truth, a torrent of conflicting emotions — one she had no idea how to deal with — waged a war in her chest.
Yet her stubbornness would never wane, slowly but surely chipping away at her heart...
Pouring her emotions into words was beyond her.
I was no different, finding myself unable to express what I felt in this moment.
Ultimately, we merely continued our bloodsucking charade, occasionally letting a grimace of pain twist our features.
Both our minds were awash with vague, inexplicable, and frustrating emotions we couldn't for the lives of us shake off.

"You're... going to regret this. And I... hate you..."

"You'll come to regret not killing me here and now."

"Mark my words. I'll never forgive you. And I certainly won't let anyone get in my way."

"But—"

Sakurai's gaze met mine, and after a few seconds of silence—

"Tonight... I'm in your debt."

"I grew to... like you a little bit today. Just a bit."

"I haven't lost any of them. Most importantly of all, I still have you."

"Does that still not please you?"

Embarrassing as they may have been, I still bluntly spat out those words.

"..."

"Pfft, heh heh heh..."

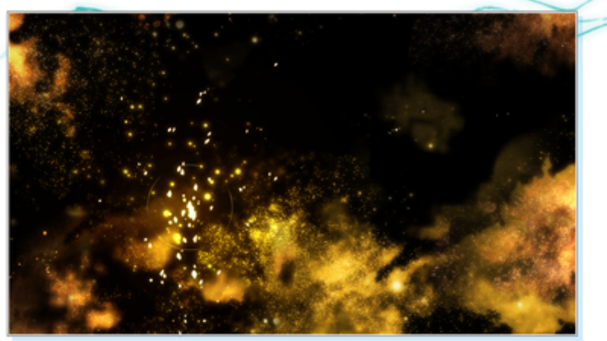
"Heh heh heh heh heh, ahahahahaha... Yeah, you said it, Ren!"

"You're right. You're right by my side right now!
I'm so happy... Yeah, it's like a dream come true."

That smile was the most beautiful I'd ever seen.
Or rather, it felt like this was probably the first time I'd ever seen Rusalka smile.

"You know..."

"I feel like being hugged by you and sharing our warmth together is the fruit of all my perseverance."



I remembered it well. She was, after all, quite the volatile type, so she couldn't help obsessing over victories and defeats herself.
She probably told me that thing earlier partly as a mantra to contain herself.
But in the end, curiosity was not something we mortals could fight.

"Me. Reinhard. Mercurius. If one was forced to pick the strongest one..."

My answer remained the same. A clear and straightforward declaration I considered the one and only truth of the universe.

"It would be me, of course. I'm the protagonist, remember?"

Dies irae

Dies irae / Official Illustrated Guide

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